Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Thomson*

The Countess of Aberdeen

Who heads a long list of defendants in the Ladies' Dog Show action which has been occupying the attention of Mr. Justice Darling's Court

No. 80 - Vol. VI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"The Country House Party." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"Isidro." By Mary Austin. (Constable: 6s.)
"The Outlet." By Andy Adams. (Constable: 6s.)
"The Rocklippes." By H. A. Darlington. (Jarrold: 3s. 6d.)
"Who Giveth this Woman?" By William Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"The Yellow Wave." By M. P. Shill. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"Peter Binney, Undergraduate." By Archibald Marshall. (Cheaper edition: 2s. 6d.)
"I Charge You Both." By Alice Maud Meadows. (Digby Long: 6s.)
"The Devil's Derelicts." By F. C. Vernon Harcourt. (Digby Long: 2s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Dog from Clarkson's." A Vagary. By Desmond F. Coke. (Jarrold: 3s. 6d.)
"Modern Carriages." By Sir Walter Gilbey. Illustrated. (Vinton and Co.: 2s.)
"Ivories." By Alfred Mashell. (Methuen: 25s. net.)
"Beautiful Wales." Painted by Robert Fowler, and Described by Edward Thomas. (A. and C. Black: 20s. net.)
"The Souls of Black Folk." By W. E. Burghardt du Bois. (Constable: 3s. net.)
"Russia Under the Great Shadow." By Luigi Villari. With 85 illustrations. (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.)

Novel Bridge Competition.

CHANCES FOR BEGINNERS

Money Prizes Every Week.

SEE PAGE X.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

June 14, 1905

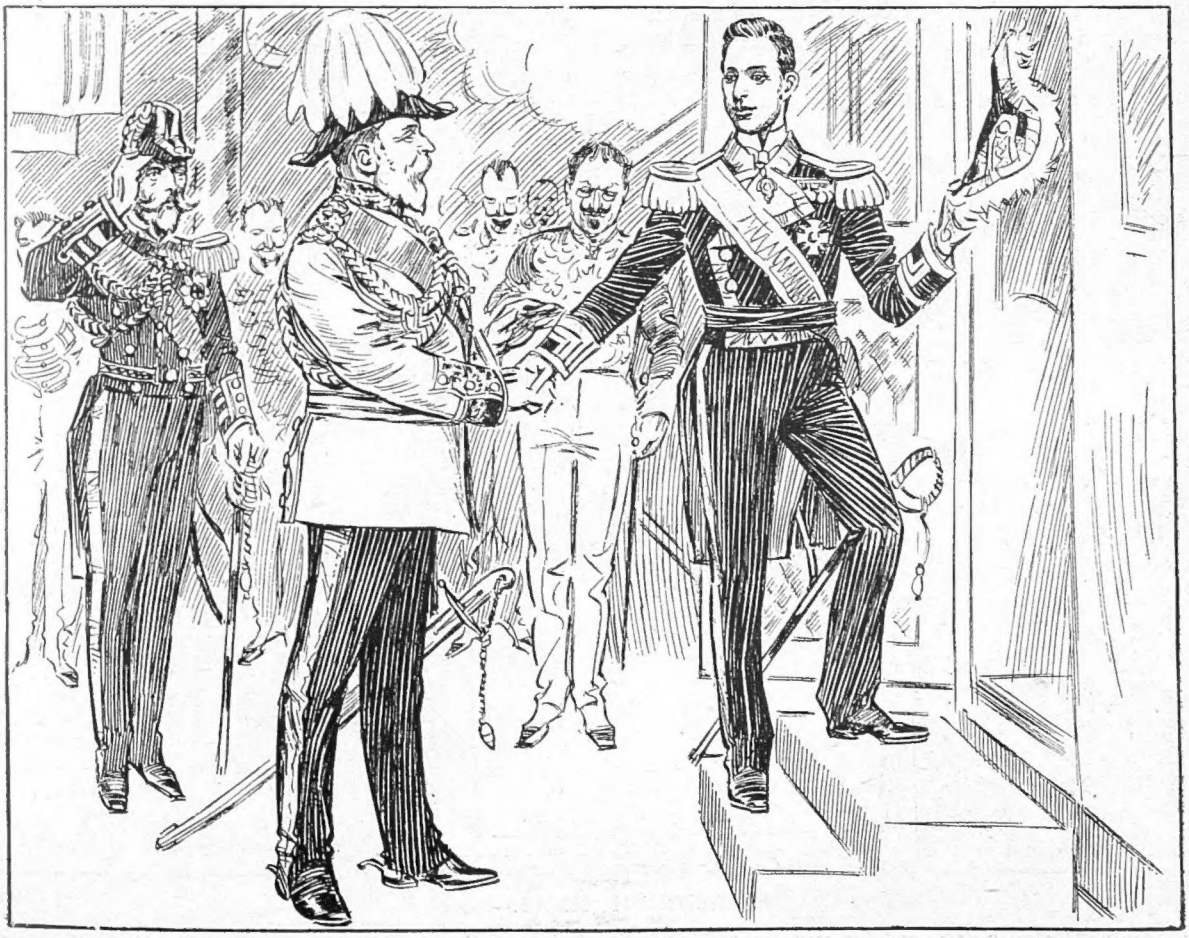
Have you observed the subtle changes that have been taking place of late in the relative positions of the nations of Europe? It is not so many years since Lord Salisbury voiced popular opinion in this country by alluding to Spain as a "decaying nation." It was also commonly believed that all the Latin races had seen their best days, and the general tendency was to consider that the Anglo-Saxon, the Teuton, and the Tartar, were to survive as the fittest, with a mental reservation as to the ultimate triumph of the former.

* * *

But events again prove how fallacious are many carefully thought-out theories. France has been wisely governed, and with her foreign policy controlled by M. Delcassé—whose resignation England must deplore—she stands to-day as strong as ever she did. Italy has been entirely rejuvenated, and one has only to examine the quotation of her securities, quoted on the Stock Exchange, to realise how healthy her position is. Spain, although still a martyr to an unhealthy political system, and still too much in the power of the Catholic Church, is, nevertheless, moving forward. The loss of her Colonies, which had, for too long, drained her of her life-blood, has enabled her to regain much of her strength. Portugal is content to jog along quietly, and, though she is by no means a wealthy country, as we understand the word, has a contented population; and, after all, that is the main aim of every Statesman.

* * *

Great Britain has, within the past year or so, united herself markedly with all these four Latin races. King Victor Emmanuel has been our guest. England's and Italy's friendship is historic. And he knows perfectly well that whenever he chooses to pay us another visit, he will be doubly welcome, both for his own sake and on account of the noble race he rules. President Loubet has been here, and the *Entente Cordiale* is



The Schoolboy King: "Good-bye, sir; you have given me a ripping time"

a *fait accompli;* King Carlos, of Portugal, was our guest not long ago, and during the past week the link was completed by the visit of young King Alfonso, who has borne away with him, we feel sure, the knowledge that Britain has nothing but respect for himself and friendship for his nation.

* * *

This train of coincidences may be nothing more, but they certainly suggest the possibility that there is more in them than merely the hospitality offered by the head of one nation to the head of another. The sensational downfall, in its political sense, of Russia has certainly affected the balance of international groups, though the change has been making itself felt imperceptibly for some time. There is a natural race affinity between France, Italy, and Spain, and leading diplomats in both of the first two countries have long felt that, in the political shuffle, they had got dealt out to the wrong parties. Italy's alliance with Germany and Austria has no longer any *raison d'être.* She has no sympathies with either; on the contrary, relations with Austria are strained; and it is extremely probable, when the question of renewing the Triple Alliance again crops up—which it will do before long—that she will take the opportunity to drop out of it. Spain has little direct concern in the big questions that agitate the great Powers, but her future, both geographically and commercially, as well as politically, are so bound up with France—as for instance, the Moroccan question—that any hurt to France would greatly affect her.

Farmer Bull: "Thank Heaven! Just in time"

* * *

Add to this the impotence of the Franco-Russian Alliance, the necessity of France to guard herself against the restless and ambitious nation on her eastern frontiers, and we can, perhaps, see a solution to the present problem. A league of the Latin Powers is not so impracticable as it may seem. Its aim, of course, would be directed against Germany. At present, France is oppressed by the thought that she stands alone at the mercy of Germany, who is infinitely stronger. Great Britain has given proofs of her sympathy with France and the other Latin peoples, but any question of alliance does not enter into it. France would be very useful to us as an ally, were such a terrible possibility as a war between this country and Germany to occur, but, *pace* various pessimists of late who talk of a German invasion of our shores as feasible, such a war would, eventually, resolve itself into a stalemate, since we should be all powerful at sea, and Germany on land.

MILLENNIUM MEMS.—No. 7

"Take my advice, ma'am—and I charge you nothing for it—don't go to law in this matter. To tell you the truth, you simply haven't a leg to sta—— that is, you have no case, no case at all, ma'am"

If, therefore, France were our ally, she would have to bear the brunt of it. *Per contra*, we should be almost useless to France as an ally against Germany.

* * *

Fortunately, the ghastly and bloody war now proceeding in the East has sickened everyone of the very name of war. At the same time, every wise ruler takes precautions, and with matters standing as they do, it is not unlikely that some such league as we have suggested may come to pass. Meantime, as France is in an anxious predicament, it may be noted that, having a state of nerves, she is inclined to exaggerate possibilities. Only the other day it was rumoured on the boulevards that war with Germany over Morocco was a certainty. As it is, France has sacrificed Delcassé instead. It is a mistake to suppose that any leanings on our part towards France, if it takes the form of railing at Germany, pleases the French people; on the contrary, it alarms; and, natural under the circumstances, they wonder if we are seeking to enlist them as an ally against Germany. Only a few days ago, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* said that the suspicion is growing in France that "England's amiability is really to be traced to the sinister design of bringing France into collision with her powerful Eastern neighbour." The best way of showing that our friendship towards France is genuine, is to be tactful in our remarks about Germany; and even Russia might be included also, without the circumstance doing us any harm.

The Central African Pigmies now performing at the Hippodrome

The greates interest has been aroused by these dwellers in the forests of Central Africa, who were brought to England by Colonel Harrison. On the first night of their appearance at the Hippodrome, they were coaxed to dance by the aid of weird music and cries of "oo" "ooo" from Colonel Harrison. But when the audience applauded, the performers abruptly stopped their dance. It transpired afterwards that the clapping of hands was always the signal adopted by Colonel Harrison in Africa when he wished the dances to terminate

"PLUM" SUNDAY

Apropos of a little joke in our issue of May 31, we have received the following characteristic letter from that hard-working cleric and great friend of the poor, the Rev. W. Carlile:—

St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory, E.C.,
June 7, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—I am very much amused at your clever heading. You have, however, misunderstood the whole point of the various gifts made at St. Mary-at-Hill. The congregation is made up mostly of poor people, who, out of sympathy for their still poorer and more destitute outcast brethren in the Labour Homes of the Church Army, on different Sundays bring and present eggs, puddings, fruit, dolls, potatoes, etc. They are not attracted to Church to obtain these things, but are attracted to Him who gave His all upon the Cross, and therefore give out of their poverty to help those even poorer. Surely this effort to live the "simpler life" might be copied by many, who spend more in a meal or on a dress than would keep one of these submerged men for a whole year.

Sincerely yours,
W. CARLILE.

"THE BYSTANDER" SPORTS NUMBER

On Wednesday, June 21, will be published "THE BYSTANDER Sports Number, the special feature of which will be a Supplement containing illustrated articles on Polo, Golf, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, the River, Yachting, Fishing, and Country Life. The Sports Number, which will be sold at the same price, 6*d*, heralds the future policy of devoting yet more attention to sport as a feature of the paper. By a special arrangement, the paper will go to press but a few hours before publication, thus enabling a full illustrated record of the week-end sports to be included in the issue.

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Train bearers at the Berlin Wedding

At a German Royal Wedding it is not customary to speak of "bridesmaids": the young ladies selected for this position of honour are styled "train-bearers." For her wedding, Duchess Cecilie had four train-bearers. These were two Maids of Honour, appointed for the wedding, viz.:—Comtesse Irma von Kanitz, daughter of the Deputy Chief Master of Ceremonies, and Director in the Ministry of the Royal Family; and Fräulein Elisabeth von Trotha, daughter of Herr von Trotha, Court Marshal to H.I. and R.H. the Crown Prince; and the two Ladies in-Waiting, who were appointed as members of the household of the Crown Princess, namely:—Comtesse Walpurgis zu Dohna-Schlobitten, a niece of Graf Dohna of Pröckelwitz, who often entertains the Kaiser in the shooting season; and Fräulein von Helldorf, daughter of the well-known Member of Parliament, Herr von Helldorf of Zingst. These four train-bearers were all dressed in turquoise blue, with satin trains to match—blue chiffon alternating with lace. The trains were trimmed with lace roses *appliquéd* on with silver, and with Louis XVI. bows of velvet ribbon.

Comtesse Walpurgis zu Dohna-Schlobitten

Mrs. Baxendale

Mrs. Baxendale, who gave a dance on June 1 at her beautiful house in Brook Street, is a very smart hostess,

Fraulein Elisabeth von Trotha

Daughter of Herr von Trotha, Court Marshal to the Crown Prince of Germany

Comtesse Irma von Kanitz

Daughter of His Excellency Graf Kanitz, the Deputy Chief Master of Ceremonies at the Court of Berlin, and Director in the Ministry of the Royal Family

THREE TRAIN-BEARERS AT THE WEDDING OF THE DUCHESS CECILIE

The New Speaker of the House

though she does not entertain a great deal in London, where she only spends a short portion of the year, infinitely preferring the quiet of the country. Her family history is of special interest. She was the daughter of the late Hon. Francis Scott, son of the fourth Lord Polwarth, and her maternal grandmother was sister and sole heiress of the fourth Earl of Egremont, which title is now extinct. Mrs. Baxendale's father was a noted politician, and sat as M.P. for Roxburgh and Berwickshire. Mr. Baxendale, who is an old Harrovian, is keen on aquatic sports: he not only rows, but is an expert swimmer and diver. In Hampshire he is noted as a sportsman, as he is Master of the Hursley Hounds, a famous deer stalker, and an ardent fisherman and angler.

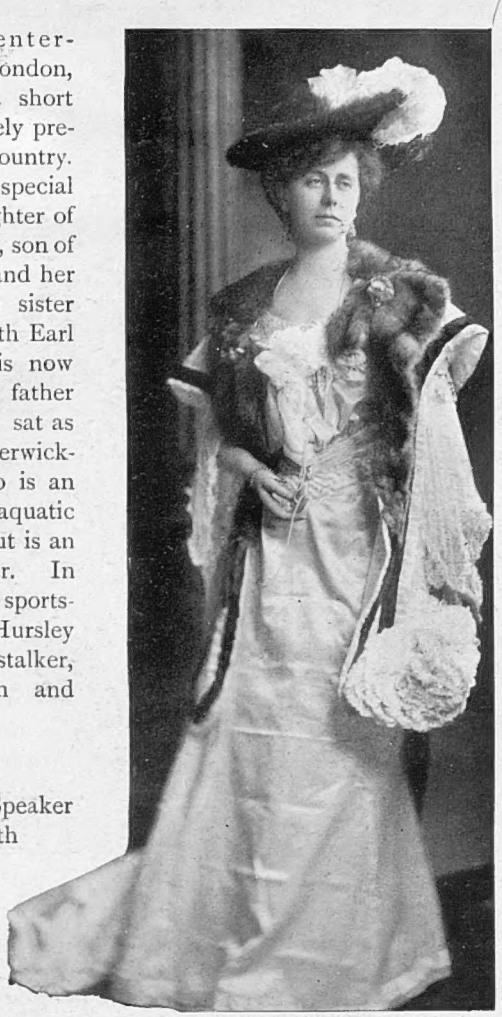


Photo by Walter Barnett

Mrs. Baxendale

Daughter of the late Hon. Francis Scott, and prominent among London hostesses this year

Mr. Speaker Gully

The resignation of Mr. Speaker Gully has been received with sincere regret by men of all shades and parties. The post of Speaker is no sinecure; it is, indeed, onerous, requiring such qualities as keen eyesight, quick hearing, presence of mind, promptitude of action, a perfect memory of names and faces, a thorough knowledge of Parliamentary procedure, and last, but not least, unlimited patience and tact. The Right Honourable William Court Gully, though a highly successful advocate, was quite unknown to the world at large when he was proposed as successor to Mr. Peel (now Lord Peel) by the Leader of the House ten years ago. He had twice unsuccessfully contested Whitehaven as a Liberal before he was elected for Carlisle in 1886. In 1892 he was re-elected, but with a reduced majority, but for which fact he would, it is believed, have attained his ambition, to be made a judge. The Liberals, at the time, had too small a majority to risk losing a seat, and Mr. Gully, Q.C., had to consume his soul in patience.

But everything comes to him who waits, and as, shortly after, Mr. Speaker Peel resigned, Mr. Gully was put forward as a candidate. He was quite unknown in the House, being what is known as a silent Member. There was, therefore, every excuse for Mr. Balfour, who, on hearing the nomination, rose and asked: "Mr. Gully? Is the gentleman a Member of this House?"

In accordance with precedent, Mr. Gully has been created a Viscount, and will take the title of Viscount Walford, a delicate compliment to his wife, whose maiden name it was. He will also be awarded a pension of £4,000 per annum. He has two sons and four daughters, and a charming country seat, Sutton Place, near Seaford, Sussex.

Photos by]

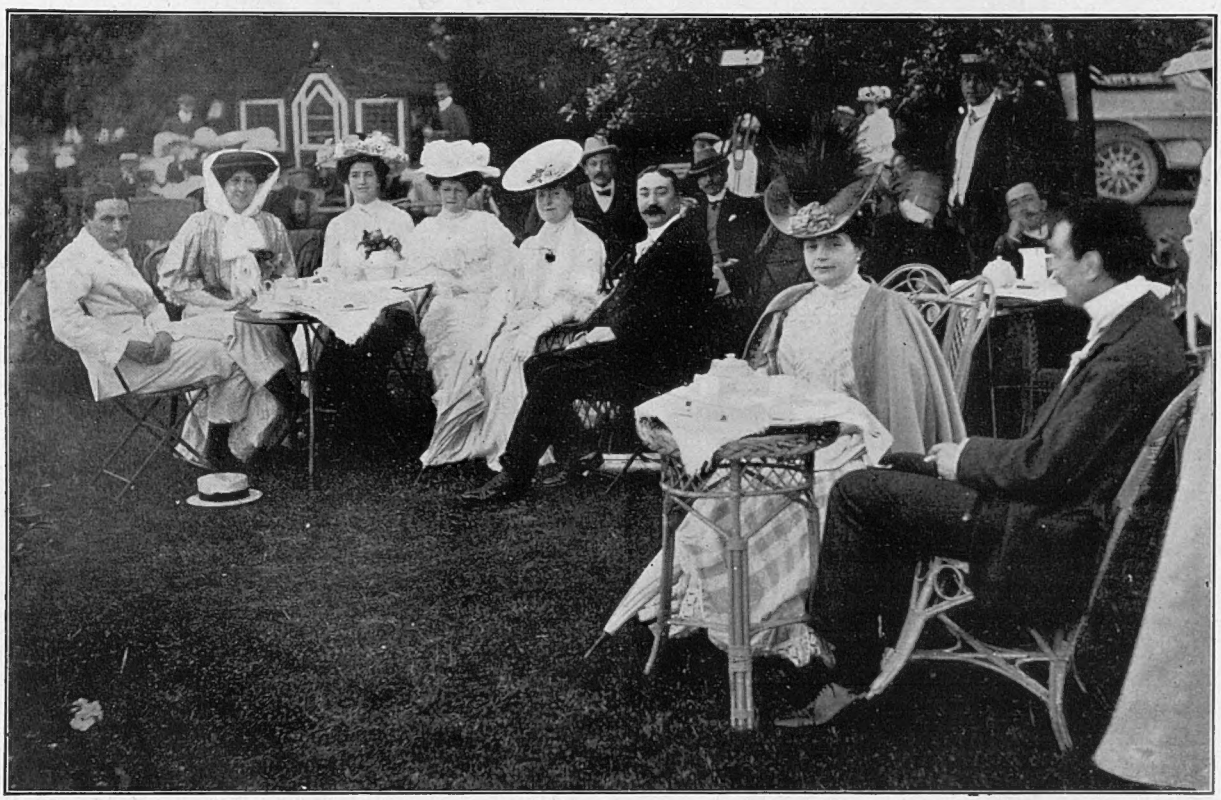
Mr. Speaker Gully

Who has retired from the Speakership

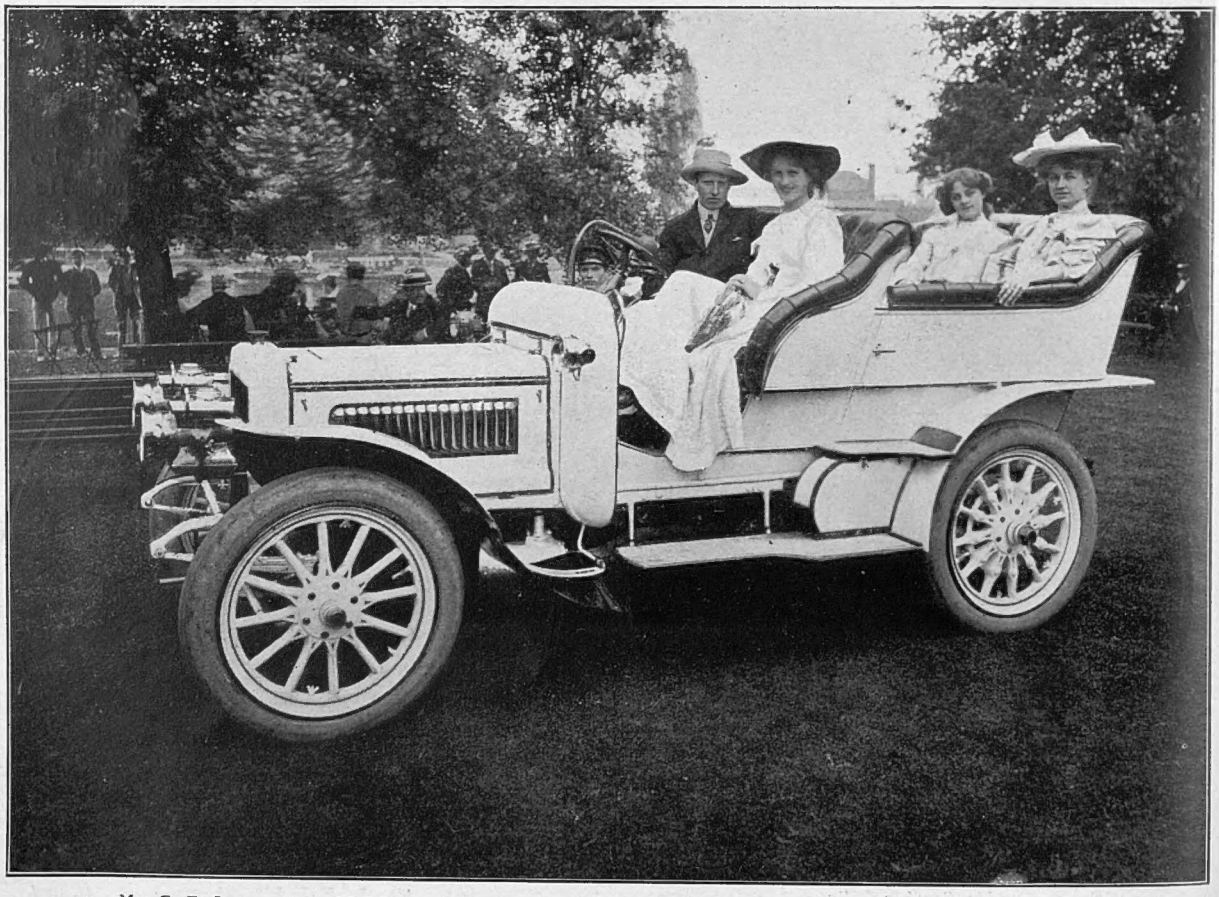
The Rt. Hon. J. W. Lowther *[Russel.*

Deputy Speaker, who has succeeded Mr. Gully

Theatrical Motor Meet at Maidenhead



Tea on the Lawn of the Riviera Hotel, Maidenhead: Mme. Réjane and her husband (right foreground)
Occupying the table at the back may be seen Miss Alice Crawford, Miss Mabel Love, Miss Dora Barton, and Colonel Hinton

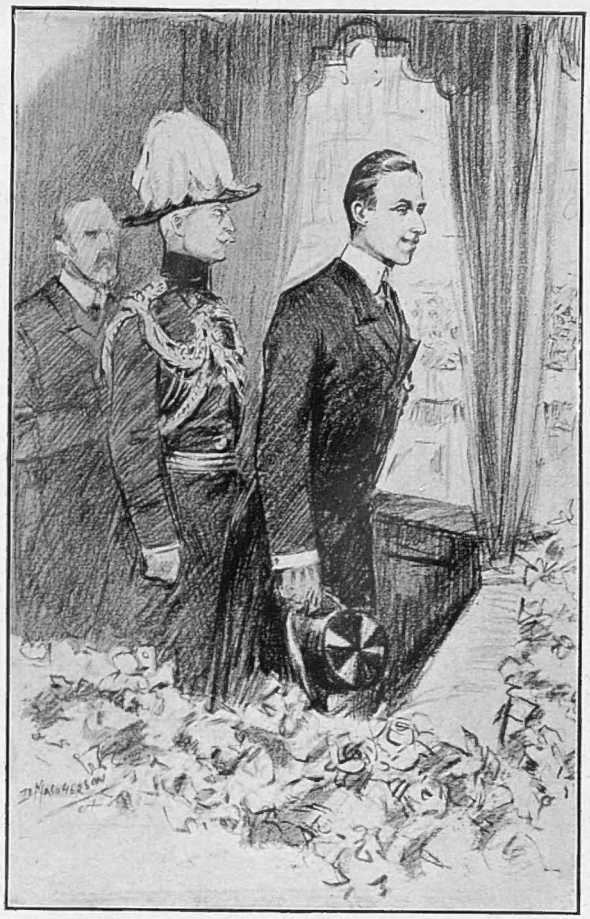


Mr. C. E. Instone in a 28-36 h.-p. Daimler, with Misses Doris Stocker, Nina Sevening, and Dora Sevening

King Alfonso at the Naval and Military Tournament

A VERY DIFFICULT FEAT

An exhibition of jumping by an officer of the 14th Hussars



King Alfonso is delighted by his enthusiastic reception

With the King of Spain is the Duke of Connaught

"IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY"

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

ONE OF CROMWELL'S "IRONSIDES"

Who said "Quaker Oats"?

King Alfonso, like his neighbour of Portugal, is a soldier and a sportsman. Nothing, therefore, of all the sights of London impressed him more than his visit to the Naval and Military Tournament, at Islington, which he made in company with the Duke of Connaught and General Oliphant. The English crowd seems to have taken to His Majesty of Spain. It remembers the great trials through which the proud Queen Mother went unflinchingly for the sake of her infant son, and rejoices to think that that son has proved so worthy of his mother's devotion to him. Consequently, wherever King Alfonso went, his reception by the great B.P. was of the heartiest, and the crowds which gathered and stood in the rain for a glimpse of the young monarch proved that his reception was as cordial as it was unaffected. His love of horses made some of the features of the Tournament a positive delight to him, and he was especially pleased with the remarkable display of the Hussars in their leap over a table laid for dinner.

BUCK JUMPING

Fig. 1

THE HORSE GUNNERS

BUCK JUMPING

Fig. 2

The Doyen of Dramatic Critics

Theatrical Motor Meet

A very festive occasion was the second annual motor meeting of the members of the theatrical profession, which took place the week-end before last, at the Riviera Hotel, Maidenhead.

The cars started from the Imperial Restaurant, Regent Street, where the guests were entertained at supper (after the theatre), and proceeded to Maidenhead. During the latter part of the week the inhabitants were informed of what was going to take place, and great was the surprise of the motorists when, within a mile of Maidenhead, they found the roads thronged with great crowds of people cheering and laughing on the arrival of each car.

They were a good-natured crowd, and, as the cars stopped opposite the Riviera, the crowd serenaded the fair occupants; it was difficult to get into the hotel, so great was the pressure to see each arrival.

On the Sunday morning the party were cinematographed for the Alhambra and Lyceum Theatres, after which they proceeded to Bourne End on board a yacht specially chartered for the occasion, where they amused themselves for some time. Lunch was served on board, and everyone concerned were in the highest of spirits.

Among those present were:—Mme. Réjane, the Misses Mabel Love, Nina and Dora Sevening, Dora Barton, Doris Stocker, Alice Crawford, and a host of other pretty women.

Mr. Joseph Knight

The *doyen* of dramatic critics, who was entertained at dinner by the dramatic profession at the Savoy, on Sunday, June 4

Among the men present were:—The Hon. C. S. Rolls, the Managing Director of the Daimler Motor Company, C. E. Instone, Esq., Colonel Hinton, Mr. Vane, of S. F. Edge and Co., who brought two "Gladiators," Mr. Frank Butler, who brought a party of French aeronauts, and Mr. Du Cros. Messager, the famous composer, looked in during the afternoon, and was greatly interested in the gathering of pretty women, and the splendid-looking cars.

Mme. Réjane had some special pictures taken on the lawn of the Riviera, as a souvenir of the occasion.

Group of Members at the International Congress of Cotton Spinners at Manchester

The photograph was taken at the New Docks, Manchester Ship Canal

This meet, which promises to be an annual event of great interest, was organised and carried out by Mr. A. H. Vincent.

Mr. C. W. Macara

President of the Cotton Congress, recently held in Manchester

Mr. Joseph Knight

The popularity of some people has the effect of adding to their patronymics. The doyen of critics, who was recently entertained at dinner at the Savoy by the dramatic profession, is generally referred to as "Dear old Joe Knight," a title which well becomes him, as all can testify who have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his beaming, cheery countenance on a first night at the theatre. Forty-five years and more experience of the drama, and still he has a twinkle in his eye (admirably caught by the ever-observant "Spy"). This is a record which none of his calling can attempt to lower. May his deep, rumbling voice be heard discussing the points of the play for many a long day to come.

The Prince of Wales and Cotton Culture

The Cotton Congress

At the Manchester Town Hall last week, the Second Annual Congress of Spinners and Manufacturers was held, under the presidency of Mr. C. W. Macara. About a hundred delegates assembled, composed of representatives from England, Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland. Mr. Macara's introductory speech was very interesting. In England, the spinning industry was more highly specialised than anywhere else, and taking 5*d.* as the average price per lb. of the raw material, the cost of working it into finished fabrics came to about 7½*d.* per lb. more. The annual value of cotton fabrics is estimated to be worth 350 millions sterling, and the object of the Congress is to form an International organisation for the regulation of the cotton industry all over the world. In connection with cotton may be mentioned a very interesting exhibition now being held in the North Gallery of the Imperial Institute, which was opened by the Prince of Wales. It is an eye-opener to visitors to find that the culture of cotton is making great progress in every part of the Empire. Rhodesia, Central and West Africa, Egypt, India, one mentions at haphazard, but the fact remains, that the number of acres of cotton under cultivation have more than doubled during the last two years. If a tax on American cotton were to be levied, within a short period the Empire could supply the requirements without any difficulty.

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

The Prince of Wales leaving the Imperial Institute, after inspecting the British cotton growers' exhibit of cotton grown in British Colonies

"LAL" BROUGH AT HOME

The Drawing-room at Percy Villa, Mr. Lionel Brough's pretty home in South Lambeth

Mr. Lionel Brough's Jubilee

Fifty years on the stage and still going strong! This is the record which will be celebrated in fitting fashion at the great testimonial to Mr. Lionel Brough, at His Majesty's Theatre, to-morrow evening. "Lal" Brough has deserved well of his public, and we are his debtors, but if we may ask yet another favour of him—without being suspected even faintly of an *arrière pensée*—it is that when he retires to the peaceful seclusion of his delightful suburban home, illustrated here, he will devote some portion of his well-earned leisure to writing an autobiography. One of the most skilful and amusing of *racon'eurs*, "Lal" Brough could pen a volume which would be packed full of the diverting incidents of a busy and remarkable career. All of

Photos by *Ellis and Walery*

The Library at Percy Villa, South Lambeth

Mr. Brough's stories bear repetition, and for the benefit of those who have not heard it we cannot refrain from giving that of the man who applied to a contractor for work. The contractor asked the applicant if he really wanted to work. "Yessir," said the man, "I'll do anythink for a day's wage." To put the man to the test, the contractor suggested that he should put on a diver's dress and go to the bottom of the river. The man agreed. He was accordingly told that if he wanted to come to the surface all he would have to do would be to pull the communicating cord three times. He put on the dress and helmet and was lowered down. Presently the people at the top felt the cord being pulled, and the man was brought to the surface and his helmet taken off. "What's the matter?" some one asked him. "Matter," exclaimed the man, "I'm a honest working man, I am, and I should like to ask 'ow yer think I'm goin' to do a honest day's work down there if I can't spit on me 'ands!"

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

"Lal" Brough and his daughter, Miss Mary Brough, in the garden of Percy Villa

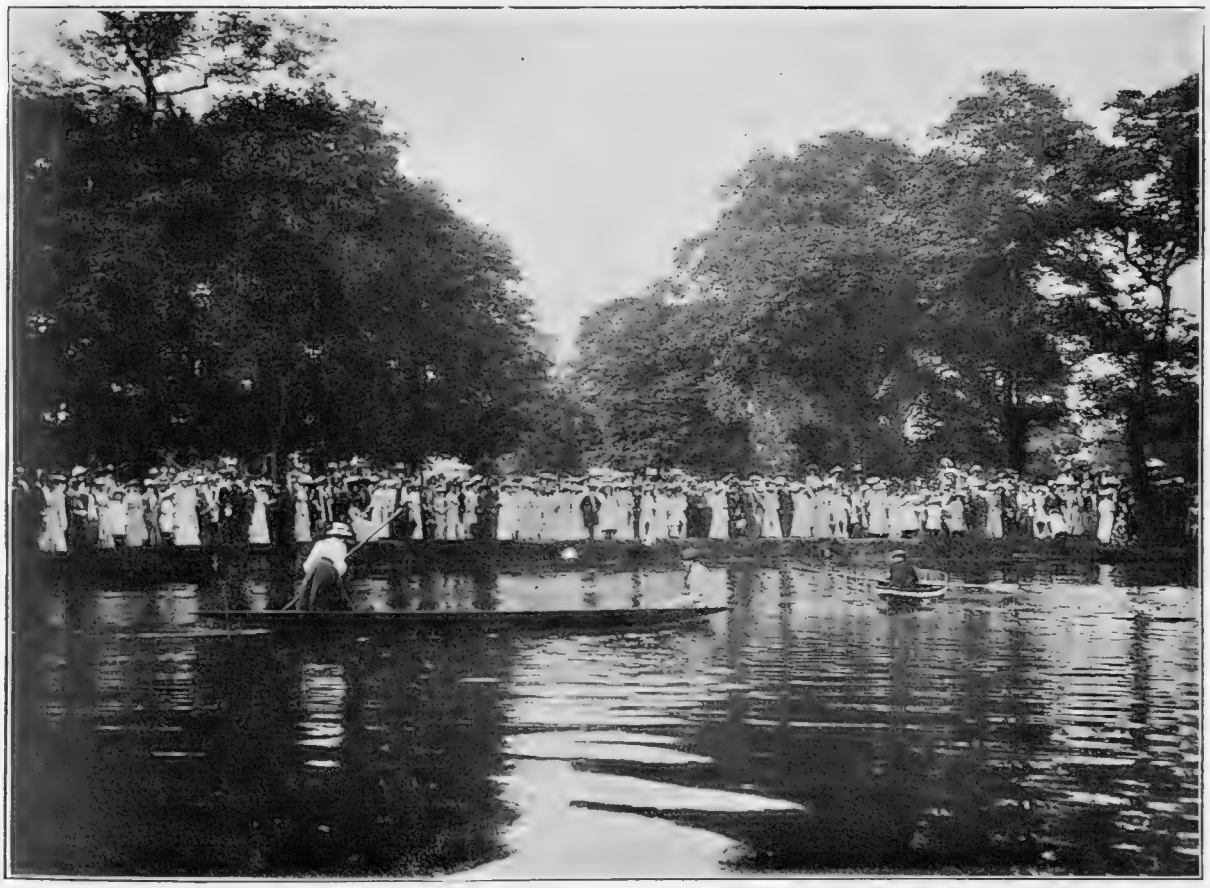
Photo by] **TEA LAWNS AT RANELAGH ON LADIES' DAY** [*Rouch*

The above photograph gives a good idea of the fashionable throng which attended the Ladies' Day at Ranelagh on June 3. A fine programme was arranged, which included a pony gymkhana, ladies' sports, and the exciting rescue race shown on the opposite page. The dresses called forth the following comment from a [illegible]: "[illegible] not, but for the most part skirts so voluminous, and so long in front as well as behind, that the majority seemed crying out for some light framework to support them. And the light, clear, positive tints, the ruchings, scarves, and characteristic furbelows of the early mid-Victorian period, were everywhere"

Ladies' Day at Ranelagh

Competitors for the Rescue Race

This race was most ingeniously contrived, each lady competitor starting off on one pony and leading another. Arrived at the lake side, the contestants dismounted and, leaving the ponies on the bank, jumped helter-skelter into a punt, and poled over to the other side of the water, where the requisite number of men were waiting to be rescued



Photos by *Kouch*

The Rescue Race: Mrs. Henry Webley (just landing) 1st; Miss Arkwright (in punt) 2nd

On landing safely—and, by the way, much to the disappointment of the eager spectators everybody did land safely—the prize went to the first lady to bring her rescued swain to the winning post. This was by far the most exciting event of a splendid day

Random Jottings

Japanese Assumption

Admiral Togo's promptness in naming his victory the Battle of the Sea of Japan has, it seems, given some offence in Germany. It is reported that a Certain Person, who, for obvious reasons, must be nameless, was particularly disgusted, as he had made up his mind in favour of the far more resonant title—The Battle of the Sea On-the-Teutonic-Dominions-in-the-Far-East-Abutting.

A Great Responsibility

Peace, we fear, is not yet a certainty. At any rate, the Lord Mayor of Melbourne has refused the use of the town-hall for a Stop-the-War Meeting on June 20. Should this action of his tend to prolong what has already become a hopeless conflict, the Lord Mayor of Melbourne will have much to answer for.

The Only Explanation

Is it—or is it not—true that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are also engaged in internecine combat? To a superficial reader of the papers, each is perpetually saying the pleasantest things about the other in public speeches. But, as sure as Mr. Balfour mentions the word "Retaliation," posters appear announcing—

"Back to the Land," or four opponents of the "Strenuous Life"

"Balfour Captures the Chamberlainite Section."

Just as certainly, if Mr. Chamberlain happens to use the phrase "taxation of food," we are confronted with headlines—

"Chamberlain Triumphs over the Balfourites."

It certainly is a most mysterious conflict, in which verbal victories are so numerous and divided, while bye-elections turn out monotonously in favour of the Liberals. Our own belief is, that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain—both in reality and at heart Free Traders—are carrying out these manœuvres by agreement in a patriotic desire to save the country from the Protective policy of Mr. Chaplin.

Hints on Channel Swimming

Answer to a Correspondent:—"Yes, it is wiser to have a tug or boat in attendance, if you intend swimming the Channel. A bathing-cap is not essential, and you can consult your own feelings in this matter. Keep up your practice in the Paddington Baths before you start, and choose a calm day for the attempt. The distance across is about twenty-one miles."

Facts About Spain

Another Answer:—"So far as we know, Peculiar P., the tortures of the Inquisition are no longer practised in the dominions of the young King of Spain. We cannot, however, advise you, if you are, as you say, a Passive Resister, to take up your residence there, as the provision for extra reading in the ordinary Spanish gaol is distressingly limited."

Concerning Bombs

It is curious to think of Anarchists as conventional, but the attempt on the King of Spain's life in Paris proves again that the bomb has become quite a convention with them. Bombs were used in the first place, we believe, on the theory that they gave the biggest advertisement to the cause for the smallest price; and there was some logic in this. You cannot discharge a bomb without attracting some attention, and they are not very expensive to compound. For a ridiculously small sum, you can blow yourself—not to mention other people—into a large number of pieces; and you require no licence before doing it. For people with small incomes and homicidal tendencies—if that is a fair description of Anarchists—this is, no doubt, an advantage.

Why not a Substitute?

But the bomb has drawbacks as well. It is liable to go off at the wrong moment, or not at all, which is awkward. Then, again, its explosive area is uncertain. Your friends shun you if they know you are in the habit of carrying one; and you, yourself, cannot look a policeman in the face. On the whole, we incline to think that the bomb is an unsatisfactory weapon, and should be given up by all up-to-date Anarchists. Advertisement has make vast strides since the bomb was first introduced; and, if advertisement is what is wanted, why not save up the money spent on dynamite, and get a special research article written by a member of the advertising staff of the *Times*?

Looking Forward

A Correspondent who contends that Warfare will, in the near future, be reported as cricket is now—that is to say, by the Commander on either

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

THE PROFESSOR: "Have you the 'Bacchae of Euripides'?"
BOOKSELLER: No, sir. This is a booksellers, not a tobacconists"

DRAWN BY ARTHUR LEE

side, instead of the mere journalist — sends the following specimen of what we shall have to expect. The action is imagined to have taken place on the Manchurian border:

1. The Japanese. By General Linievitch.

While engaged in opening the peepers of Chinese skipper Ma to a proper view of boundary question, we were surprised by sudden appearance of the Chrysanthemum brigade. I at once decided to take first knock, and opened in smart style with my 4-inch Krupps Unfortunately, owing to rough nature of the pitch, we had no luck with our pellets, whereas the yellow boys' long pops found our centre stump time after time, with the result that things were all to the unhappy when we piled bats for the day. Better luck next time!

2. The Russians. By General Kuroki.

Found the Tsar's lads, as per arrangement, on Manchurian border, and, orders to hustle them having been tendered, we bowled for their legs, and were not to be denied. Casualties on the part of the horse-eaters numerous; ours next to nil. Hope to play final test shortly.

P.S. — Chinese skipper Ma scored from safe distance.

3. A Third View. By General Ma.

The Tartar chief attempting to bluff me with regard to territorial delimitations of Celestial Dowager, I gave customary signal, "Up Guards and at 'em!" to my select team. Select team disdaining the conflict with horse-eaters, however, and preferring to conceal themselves in sand-heaps, this writer was about to secure invaluable person of Chinese Commander Ma by superb act of strategical retirement at full gallop, when the little brothers from over the sea arrived opportunely. After that, the skipper had much pleasure in watching horse-eaters exhibit themselves as under-dog, to which his near presence undoubtedly contributed.

A Narrow Choice

"Maisonettes or Crinolines?" It seems that those who would be in the fashion will shortly have to make their choice between these two. Experts say that it will be quite impossible for an ordinary person to get into both.

Photo by *Rouch*

Major A. Bateman Champain, and three Gurkha orderly officers, at the King's last levee

The King's military attendants at a levée always consist of a certain number of officers from the Indian regiments. The fighting qualities of the little Gurkhas are too well-known to need repetition, but their record at Dargai Hill may be recalled; also the special mark of honour conferred upon them by Lord Roberts, when he chose a Gurkha and a Gordon Highlander as supporters of his Coat of Arms

POINTS FROM THE PLAYHOUSES

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

The Adelphi Theatre

"UNDER WHICH KING?"

Mr. James Bernard Fagan has had three original plays produced in London within the past six months. If for no other reason, his "form" is worth the careful study of the conscientious critic. Judged by past performances, he may be said to have reached a very creditable standard of excellence. He has acquired a good working knowledge of the primary canons of the drama. He knows what causes will produce dramatic effects, and uses them most judiciously. Indeed, he is sufficient master of his craft to turn out a succession of plays possessing the prime merit of being playable. Many playwrights have achieved no better and have fared well. But the distinguishing character of his work up to date is not good average merit. It is fair promise. His work is stamped with portents of future success of a higher order than that which he has achieved. He has wrought well upon average materials. A study of the early works of dramatists who have "arrived" might yield no greater fruit.

Miss Lily Brayton
As Helen Cameron, in *Under Which King?*

This introduction to the notice of *Under Which King?* sounds like an *apologia*. It may serve as such, even if the impression be made that the play needs justification.

Mr. Fagan's choice of the Rebellion of '45 for his period places his play in the category of romantic costume dramas. The quasi-historical play has given many playgoers many grid moments. Mr. Fagan, by his clever craftsmanship, has avoided being tedious. The experienced playgoer may amuse himself by foretelling the situations in *Under Which King?* but, for all that, the *denouements* strike home in the breast of the less sophisticated. Fortunately, pictures are painted, and plays are written, not for the critics, but for the public, else artists and dramatists would have to find fresh fields for their energies. So the public may well derive interest from the recital of the adventures which befall Lieutenant Alan Graeme (Scottish Horse Volunteers), bearer of important despatches to the Hanoverian Camp. He is drugged in the house of Cameron, staunch supporter of the Pretender, and the play would not have been written (to adopt a saying of the novelist) but for the existence of Cameron's daughter. The vicarious action of this spirited damsel lands her in the clutches of Colonel Eversdale, of the Royal Dragoons, who has earlier expressed his sentiments towards her. The duel between them, the *piece de résistance* of the play, is fought out with no little dramatic effect. She offers herself as the price of her lover's safety, and, touched by the sacrifice of her honour, the Colonel sacrifices his life; for the maiden had unwittingly brought a despatch disclosing the Pretender's whereabouts, and this he destroys. There is nothing left for him but self-destruction. The suicide is ingeniously postponed to bolster up the interest of the last act—in plays of this species too often a wearisome tying-up of frayed ends, which have resulted in the task of unravelling the plot. Colonel Eversdale returns to Cameron's Castle, holding all the trumps in his hand. He counters Lieutenant Graeme's offer to take the blame for the missing despatch by threatening to tell the story of the young lady who rode into his camp at midnight in male attire. Finally, he takes up the potion, a small dose of which has drugged his subordinate, gives them, the assembly, the toast of "The Unknown King," drinks it, and walks off, sparing the audience the convulsions, sometimes grotesque, sometimes laughable, of the stage suicide.

Mr. Oscar Asche
As Colonel Eversdale, in *Under Which King?*

The scene between Colonel Eversdale and Helen Cameron, already mentioned, is the only one which gives real opportunities to the players.

Miss Lily Brayton brought charm and sincerity to bear upon the situation, but she could not lift it to a very high level, nor make us forget the unlikely happenings which led to it.

The Haymarket Theatre

The Cabinet Minister occurred in the central, or comedy period of the Pineroic Age, though some writers have placed its birth in the earlier or farcical era. To tell the truth, it is neither good farce nor good comedy. The Haymarket players make a brave attempt to lift it to the higher category with, it must be confessed, but indifferent success. If acting alone could effect the transposition, one would welcome the spirit in which the piece is treated. Unfortunately, the humours of the play are not sufficiently strong for the company to dwell upon. A brisker method of playing would serve to gloss over its somewhat meagre fun. Macphail of Ballocheevin is the most formidable character in the play. He is of the genus which can only be described as terribly comic. His ruddy make-up is frightening, and when he stands up and bawls out his blatant remarks in broad Scotch, the weak-minded, feeling the awful solemnity of his humour, can only mask their terror in weak smiles. His mamma is only a shade less "impossible." Every time she calls up the vision of her beloved son, watching the sun rise behind the hills of Ballocheevin, one is inspired with an almost over-mastering desire to take refuge from her in flight. Mr Cyril Maude strives to supply the requisite coats of vulgarity in painting the character of Mr. Joseph Lebanon, but it appears to be uphill work.

Miss Winifred Emery, too, does what she is able with uninteresting Lady Twombley. The melancholy fact is, that the persons of the play are not characters but caricatures. There is a manner of playing them which serves to emphasise the one reason for their being—the humour of them—but it is not the genteel way of comedy adopted by the Haymarket company.

"Under Which King?" at the Adelphi Theatre: The Pretender is toasted by his loyal friends of the House of Cameron

Mme. Yvette Guilbert

The great *diseuse* who sings in a whisper, and tells you a long story with the flick of an eyelid, is delighting the town these afternoons with her two centuries of song, at the Haymarket Theatre. Her voice is inadequate to cope with the rôle of a villager in the chorus of an opera, but her delicate rendering of

J'aime lon la lon lan dérirette
J'aime lon la lon dérira.

lingers in the memory when the passionate aria of the prima donna has been forgotten. Stolen kisses make up the burden of the majority of her songs, and she renders them with all her old time *diablerie*. The actress is a picture to look upon, both in Pompadour and Crinoline. There is much to be said for the latter fashion, when Yvette is the wearer. The intervals of her songs are engaged by the Concert Society For Playing Old-Time Instruments, to give them an English title, the thin, sweet strains of the harpsichord dropping refreshingly on the ear in this Pianola Age.

Lyric Theatre

"THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS"

Mr. Martin Harvey, as if to show that he can be something more than a mere mild-mannered hero, has put on a piece in which he is the very devil of a fellow. Lieutenant Reresby, called the "Rat," is one of those individuals whose devil-may-care attitude is so picturesque as to condone his misdeeds. He is a blackguard, with a sense of honour which would do credit to a bishop. Therefore, we find him taking the blame for another's treachery in circumstances which would absolve the average man from this self sacrifice. The play might be named *The Silence of Lieutenant Reresby*, for every means, including torture, is resorted to by his enemies to make him open his mouth. There is no denying the occasional bursts of power in the play, nor the whole-heartedness with which Mr. Harvey seizes upon them. The comedy, however, fails to lighten the general tone of clanking swashbucklery.

E. C. S.

An Interesting Revival

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Charles Hawtrey as Horace Parker in "A Message from Mars"

The announcement of the forthcoming revival of *A Message from Mars* at its old home, the Avenue Theatre, has aroused more than the ordinary interest among playgoers. Mr. Richard Ganthony's remarkable play, produced in December, 1899, enjoyed a run of nearly two years. It will be pleasant to welcome Mr. Hawtrey again in his humorous and fantastic characterisation of Horace Parker, the selfish man, who is made "to feel what wretches feel," even to the extent of dressing up in rags, at the bidding of the tyrannical messenger from Mars

MATTERS MUSICAL

At the Opera

Mdlle. Selma Kurz made her *rentrée* on Friday, May 26, as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, her beautiful voice and singing being as delightful as last year. Wednesday, May 31, saw the first performance of *Die Meistersinger*, with Herr Herold as Walter, Van Rooy as Hans Sachs, and Madame Alten as Eva. Herr Herold, by the way, is so charming a tenor, that it is a pity to notice a tendency to vibrate in his voice this year. On Thursday, Gounod's *Faust* was given for the first time this season, with Melba as Marguerite; and on Saturday night, *Gli Ugonotti* was revived, after several years' neglect. Although Meyerbeer's opera is rather antiquated and conventional, it contains many fine strains, and offers splendid opportunity to the singers. Of these, Signor Carruso, Mdlle. Selma Kurz, and Fraulein Destnin took full opportunity, the tenor singing throughout with splendid verve. Mdlle. Selma Kurz sang the music of Marguerite de Valois with great brilliance, her execution of the *fioriture* passages being quite exquisite.

The Waldorf

At the Waldorf, on Tuesday, May 30, an interesting revival was Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz*. There is much that is charming in this little opera, but, on the whole, it leaves an impression of lack of strength. The Cherry Duet, in Act II., is delightful, and an attempt was made to encore it, but wisely refused. To sum up this opera, one may say that it suggests a pleasant stroll through a meadow. The performance, under Signor Conti, was most admirable. Miss Alice Neilson was a delightful Suzel, but, like the opera itself, she just failed to be convincing, both vocally and dramatically. Madame de Cisneros was good as Beppe; Signor de Lucia sang quite beautifully as Fritz, excepting for a tendency to overdo the *voix blanch* (a failing of most Italian tenors); and Signor Ancona used his splendid gifts with unqualified success. The reception was favourable. On Thursday, Signor Bonci made his *rentrée* in *Don Pasquale*. He is, undoubtedly, one of the very best Italian tenors of late years.

Concerts

There have been so many concerts lately that it is impossible to give a detailed account of more than one or two. One cannot, however, pass by the third and last vocal recital given by M. Victor Manuel at the Bechstein Hall on Friday afternoon, May 26. It is difficult, in speaking of this artist's worth, to avoid hyperbole. He seems to lift everything he touches to an intellectual plane which at once disarms criticism. Everything he does is so "brainy," and yet so full of subtle charm and temperament. Here is an artist who holds his audience, literally, as if in the hollow of his hand. On Friday afternoon, his performance was on familiar lines. He created a deep impression in Fabre's sombre, but beautiful song, "L'Orgue." Tosti's "Ninon" was a wonderful piece of moralising in sound, and Massinet's dainty "Marquise" was treated with a delightful airy touch, his *mezza voce* being worthy of a light tenor. A magnificent rendering of the credo excerpt from *Otello*, the humorous "Largo all factotem" from *Barbiere*, and the "Quand ero paggio" from *Falstaff* (sung three times, the last being in French), concluded his solo items. M. Manuel also joined Mrs. Landon Ronald in a sprightly rendering of the famous duet from *Don Pasquale*, the lady also greatly pleasing by her vivacious and clever singing of an air from *Pagliacci*, and of two charming songs of her husband's. Miss Evelyn Smart played some piano solos with crispness and full appreciation of their meaning, and Mr. Landon Ronald lent incalculable aid at the piano.

A One Composer Concert

In the same Hall, on the 29th, Miss Teresa del Riego gave an afternoon concert. It is open to doubt whether it i altogether wise to give a one composer concert, bu the audience seemed delighted with the fare se before them. Miss del Riego is well known as composer of many charming songs, and most of thos heard on Monday were familiar. To interpret them the composer had the valuable assistance of Mis Louise Dale, Miss Carmen Hill, Mr. Horatio Conne (who gave a thought-rendering of a "Song of Gladness"), Mr. Hamilton Earle, etc. The chief item of interest was a new song-cycle for contralto and baritone, entitled "Gloria," the words (which, by th way, are far above the average) by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, sung by Miss Edith Clegg and Mr. W. P. Chatham. This proved to be a musicianly and thoughtful composition, with no little charm. Probably it will please the few rather than the many. To the baritone is allotted the more attractive numbers, especially the delightful song in six-eight time, "Music in a Rhythmic Measure," charmingly sung by Mr. Chatham, who had to repeat it.

The Marvels of Mischa Elman

Mischa Elman gave another violin recital, this time at Queen's Hall, on Tuesday, May 30. The amazing power of this little boy is utterly inexplicable. Technique and dexterity we have had from many prodigies, but from where does his wonderful power come? This feeling and sentiment of a fully matured man, and a man who has felt and suffered? Call it genius, or reincarnation, or what you will, it remains a psychological mystery. Whether in the Paganini or Wieniawski work, or the Allegro and Andante from Bach's Third Sonata, he was equally wonderful. It is needless to say the Hall was crowded.

G. W. E.

An American Prima Donna

Photo b *Ellis and Walery*

MISS ELIZABETH PARKINA

Who sang the part of Musetta in *La Bohème* at the gala performance of the opera at Covent Garden last week in honour of the King of Spain. Miss Parkina comes from Kansas City, and her rise to fame is of quite recent date. In October, 1903, she made her first appearance in London at a Promenade Concert, when her rendering of the "Bell Song," from Delibes's *Lakoné*, aroused the greatest enthusiasm

CONCERNING PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

(NO. 80 OF THE SERIES)

Questions of union are taking up a good share of the attention of the Royal House of Sweden and Norway just now. A divorce and a marriage are the questions of the hour. Norway declares herself resolved to break away from her long partnership with her neighbour; she throws off her allegiance to King Oscar; and, as we write, nobody seems at all inclined to prophecy what will happen. And Prince Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus, his eldest grandson and heir-presumptive, is engaged to be married to the Princess Margaret of Connaught

The good King has long desired an English alliance for a Prince of his blood; and it is long since one of our own Royal family became connected with a house having so interesting an account to give of itself as that of Bernadotte. Sixty years ago died the remarkable man who, born as nothing in particular within sight of the Pyrenees, ended as a firmly established King at the other end of Europe. Napoleon ought to have known something about him, for Bernadotte began by carrying a musket under him, and rose to a bâton; and Napoleon said that there was Moorish blood in his veins At least, there was plenty of Gascon; and the occupation of a throne that has been one of the greatest in Europe, and is probably going to be great again, by this dark-haired Southern race is not the least curious of the many dynastic curiosities of Europe. Bold and enterprising, disinterested and clever, were the words used about Bernadotte by his famous leader. He won his throne under that leadership, secured it by the votes of the Swedish Estates, by the nomination of the Norwegian King, and by the diplomatic arrangements he made with other Powers when the Napoleonic thrones were beginning to shake. His descendants have done him no dishonour. King Oscar, though now in failing health, is one of the most accomplished and able men in Europe, a statesman, an historian, and a poet. The Crown Prince, who will represent the Court of Stockholm at the ceremony on the 15th, seems much disposed to follow in his rather autocratic father's footsteps as a ruler: more so than many of his father's people like. It may be reserved for the young Prince who is so soon to be allied to the most liberal and most firmly-founded throne in the world to introduce into Scandinavia a different conception of monarchy. Whatever may happen, his way will be made the smoother by the presence at his side of as charming a type of young English womanhood as her country can show.

Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden

The young Prince is very young: twenty-two; though our Royal guest of Spain, who has been taught to regard himself a something of an old bachelo at nineteen, may not think him so. He has been described a a "tall young man in glasses"; but the words, though accurate, are inexpressive. He is a Prince of charming manners and, like all his family, of cultivated mind. He made an excellent impression at his first public appearance with his fiancée at the Dean's Yard "historical bazaar" last month. He has the dark eyes and hair which mark out his house among the race of blondes over which he will one day rule.

The principles of Prince Gustavus Adolphus, if a "serious" atmosphere may be assumed to be always of good effect on young men, should be the highest in Europe. The tone of the Swedish Court is evangelical to an almost immoderate degree, a fact for which the influence of the Queen, a Princess of the historically Protestant house of Nassau, is responsible. The singular success of the Salvation Army in Norway and Sweden is attributed to those countries being the only ones in which it receives direct Royal encouragement. So the Prince ought to be quite as good as is good for him. He and his charming bride have our earnest good wishes for their happiness and success.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF

H.R.H. Princess Margaret of Connaught

FROM CHILDHOOD TO YOUTH

Age Two

Age Three

Age Fifteen

The Present Day

Photos by *H. S. Mendelssohn*

PRINCESS MARGARET'S MARRIAGE TO PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN TAKES PLACE AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, TO-MORROW (THURSDAY)

A CORNER OF THE BE

BERKELEY RESTAURANT

PAINTED SPECIALLY FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY JOHN DA COSTA

Impressions of Celebrated Restaurants

By LIEUT.-COLONEL NEWNHAM-DAVIS

THE BERKELEY

Sir James was giving a dinner party in the restaurant of the Berkeley, on the evening before the marriage of one of his nieces. He is "Sir James" to the world at large; he is "the Wicked Baronet" to most of his relations, because no better-natured, more rosy-faced, more happily-dispositioned country gentleman ever bore a red hand on scutcheon; and he is "Rabbits" to me, because he was my fag at Harrow. We dined in the very snug little off-shoot from the main room, a panelled annexe, which is part of the restaurant, but seems to be the property for the evening of the people dining in it. A charming little grass widow, the sister of the bride, was my neighbour on one side at table, and as Emile, the *maître de hotel*, who looks like a Spanish Duke, had been asked by "Rabbits" to order the dinner for him, I knew, without looking at the menu, that Mons. Espezel, the *chef*, would have every opportunity of showing his skill, and that an admirable dinner would be the result.

From our seats, the little grass widow and myself commanded a view of the main restaurant, and after we had talked of the marriage and the theatres, my neighbour asked me why "the Wicked Baronet" always stayed at the Berkeley, and never gave his dinner parties anywhere except in its restaurant; and, in reply, I asked her if she could match the restaurant for well-ordered, cosy comfort anywhere in London. Whenever I dine there I always feel as if I was dining at some great private house, with a particularly interesting company of fellow-guests at the other tables. The ante-chamber, where the dinner-parties assemble, a room with panels of old gold silk and one good picture, is quite charming, and the restaurant itself, with its walls of light-coloured wood, its cream-coloured frieze with hunting subjects in bas relief, its palms in blue and white china pots, its quaint musicians' gallery of carved wood set close under the ceiling, with an old round clock on its railings, its fireplace of tiles, its electroliers hung in groups of three from the ceiling, its restful green carpet and chairs of comfortable brown, is as pleasant a room to dine in as I know. The roar of Piccadilly outside comes to one's ears as softened as though it were the sound of distant waves, and the waiters, with just a touch of gold lace to relieve their dark livery, are as quiet and soft-footed as every good servitor should be.

The *clientèle* of other restaurants may ebb and flow, but the habitués of the Berkeley always remain faithful to it. The burly gentleman over yonder, with his wife and pretty daughter, is an M.P. and a Privy Councillor, and I have seen him here a dozen times; the cavalry colonel, who is in deep converse with the pretty lady with auburn hair, I know swears by the Berkeley; and the merry lady, who is keeping three young men amused at that table in the centre of the room, is the wife of an M.F.H. who always stays at the Berkeley and gives his entertainments there.

Thus I held forth to the little grass widow, and she laughed at me and asked me if I held shares in the company which owned the hotel and restaurant, and I became aware that I was allowing my snipe to grow cold upon my plate, and that Emile was standing behind the table looking at me with a reproachful air. The dinner was far too good to spoil it by any outbursts of enthusiasm, so I ate my bird in peace, and allowed my neighbour to tell me all about the beautiful dress she had ordered for the wedding.

This was our dinner:—

Hors d'Œuvre Diplomat.
Consommé Talleyrand.
Crème à la Reine.
Filet de Sole Valeska.
Selle de Pauillac à la Renaissance.
Suprème de Foie Gras à la Gelée.
Bécassines. Flambées.
Salade Americaine.
Haricots verts à la Française.
Soufflé Glacé Berkeley.
Corbeille de Friandises.

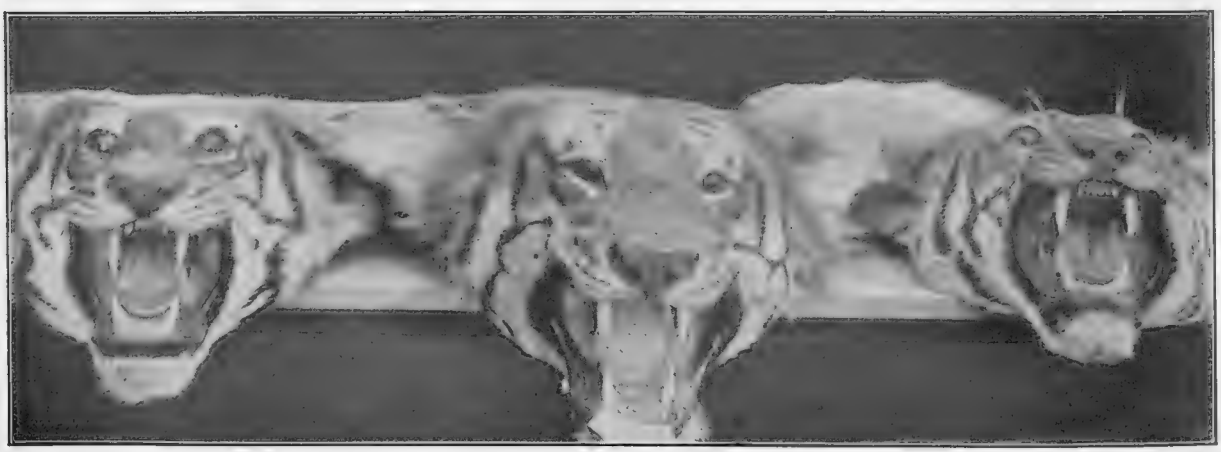


Photo by *Bryan P. Holme*

A tiger and two tigresses, shot in the Dehra Dun, in the North-West Provinces of India, by Mr. C. H. Holme

The tiger was well known as a cattle lifter, and had often been hunted, which made him more difficult to bag. A Snider bullet was found in one fore-foot and a charge of shot under the skin of the shoulder, the results of shots at right by natives from trees. The two tigresses were game killers, and in their prime. The heads were set up by Rowland Ward

IMPRESSIONS OF

"La Tortajada"

AT THE PALACE THEATRE

DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

OUR SHORT STORY

The STORY of the APPLES

BY MYRA HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. CROMBIE.

Far along the lane was situated a small cottage, with a garden in front and a field at the back, which should have been an orchard had the occupiers of the place sufficient means and energy to stock it with fruit trees. But the waste and thriftlessness of the couple made this impossible; indeed, if it had not been for the regular sum of money paid them by their lodger, the amount necessary for their own rent would often not have been forthcoming.

One day, however, the man who lived in the cottage returned from his work so late that his wife, always an ill-tempered woman, rushed out to demand where he had been.

"I thought you had fallen into the hands of thieves, perhaps," she said sharply, "though, after all, I might have known *you* were not worth robbing."

"Easy—easy now," her husband replied. "In a short while I have reason to believe matters will be so greatly changed for us that my pockets may be full of gold."

"Why do you talk such nonsense?" she asked him. "Have you come into a fortune, or are you going to work harder than you do now to support your wife and children?"

"Neither," he told her. "But I have been tidying up the garden for our neighbour down the lane, and he has promised to give me a cutting from one of his apple trees, so that we may carefully plant it, and thus, by commencing our orchard, lay the foundation for a substantial fortune."

"That is glorious," exclaimed the woman, "though how, my husband, you fancy a fortune can be obtained from the crop of one apple tree puzzles me. Is it golden fruit, forsooth, you will grow?"

"Nay, nay. We will begin by planting this cutting in such a good position that, in a short time, it will thrive well enough to allow us to take more cuttings from it, so that soon, instead of one tree, we shall possess thirty."

"Yes," cried the wife, clapping her hands with delight; "and each of these trees will bear us large crops of apples, which will fetch good money in the market-place. Of course, too, we must have a donkey cart to carry the fruit to the town. How dearly I shall enjoy the drive there every week, for, when I have sold off all the fruit, I shall be able to walk from stall to stall in the market, buying from each merchant all that I fancy. What pretty clothes I shall be able to purchase for myself, while for you, my dear husband, there will be warm coats to get and thick boots for the winter. Never will I return empty-handed. And all this good fortune will be owing to the generosity of our neighbour in giving us the cutting from one of his trees, though really why he did not do it long ago I can't understand."

"Gently, gently!" protested the man, trying to check his voluble wife, so that his voice could be heard a little, too. "There is a far better way of making money than the one you propose; besides, if I have all the labour of planting and tending the trees in their infancy, it is but just that you should share in the work likewise. I hardly call driving into the town in a donkey cart, which I must buy, a fair division of labour. So many folk about here dispose of their apples in the way you suggest we should do, that I doubt if we should succeed in selling our large crop at all, and it would be sinful to let them lie on the ground and rot, and we could not eat them all up ourselves during the winter. That is a pretty way of doing business! We are too clever for that. No, we will grow the apples, bushels and bushels of them, but not to be hawked about the town. Our apples shall be made into cider. That shall be your task under my direction, and far and wide shall our reputation spread as the makers of this delicious beverage. Such a number of people will deal with us for it that I fear we shall have to move into a house built in a wider road. There is not room in this lane for one cart to pass another, and I am sure many will wish to drive up to our door. I, too, may be able to earn extra money by holding the horses' heads while our customers are within buying the cider from you. That is another advantage which I am sure you had forgotten."

But the face of the wife was clouded, and she did not hesitate to frown as she expressed her strong disapproval of the new scheme.

"If we take to cider-making it means I shall be obliged to work all day long at it. My life will be harder even than it is now, when, goodness knows, it is rare work to get the place in order and the dinner ready by the time you come in. It is of yourself you are thinking, I'll be bound, and it is many a drink of cider you would enjoy if I were such a fool as to consent to brew it. No, if you want cider, *you* shall make

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it. I will be content to gather the windfalls from our orchard and help you pick the fruit when it is ready. But not a hand do I move for anything else. I'm too clever. Cider-making indeed. Slavery!"

"How is it possible to earn money when you won't do your share of the work?" grumbled the man. "If I grow the apple trees would you honour them sometimes with sitting beneath their shade? You might serve to scare the birds away; or perhaps, madam, that also is too hard work for you?"

"Don't you speak to me like that," his wife screamed, "for I won't have it. Scare the birds, indeed! Why, if the young trees saw *your* face, they would wither from shock, and then there would be no fruit for cider or anything else."

"What is the matter with my face?" he shouted back. "It is as good as yours any day. Better. Why, if I had——"

"Gently! Gently!" cried a voice at the open door, and when the two angry people glanced up, they were ashamed to see their lodger watching them, with a most startled look upon his usually placid countenance. His pale face seemed paler than ever, his straight, fair hair stood almost erect with surprise as he gazed at the infuriated pair, and realised he had arrived in time to prevent blows between them.

"Hot words! Hot words!" he said reprovingly. "What can there be to make such trouble 'twixt man and wife?"

Eagerly they rushed forward to speak—each forgetting their rage in the desire to be the first to give an account of their grievance, for each wished to obtain the sympathy of the lodger before he had time to hear the other side. But as they would speak together, it was long before the patient listener could make out the cause of the trouble, and when he did so, he seemed powerless to advise.

"I take the dispute to be this," he said. "You," he went on, indicating his now tearful landlady, "desire to sell the apples in the market-place without being put to the trouble of using them for any special purpose beforehand, while you," he continued, addressing his sulky landlord, "would prefer to convert them into cider; that, in your eyes, being a method by which you can make more money in a shorter space of time than by disposing of the raw fruit."

"That's it," agreed the man, with a fierce scowl at his wife, "and I have nothing more to say, except, as the apple trees are mine, I shall do as I like with the fruit that comes off them."

"Oh, indeed, will you!" snapped the woman. "Well, you get somebody else to make your wretched cider, for I won't do it, let me tell you."

"Hush! Oh—do hush!" implored the lodger, whose head was beginning to ache, so great was the din. "Be silent and calm for a few minutes, I pray. You are each so greatly in the wrong that it will be a simple matter to set you right, if you will only allow me to speak. I have heard what you have to say, and as I understand each side of the question, I tell you at once you are both making a most serious mistake. However great may be the number of apples you grow, do not sell them as raw fruit in the market—"

"There!" exclaimed the man, triumphantly nodding at his wife. "What did I say?"

". . . But that, indeed, would be better than making them into cider—"

"I told you so," declared the woman, smiling with pleasure, for she fancied the lodger was completely in

"With a cry of rage, they rushed on the lodger, and began to belabour him with all their might and main"

"In trying to save himself, he pulled over the little wooden dresser on which stood the entire stock of household crockery"

agreement with her. "I told you so. No cider-making for me!"

"Quite so," said the lodger, delighted with his popularity, for he was a sensitive young man at heart, and had often felt pained to see what little heed was given to any remark he chose to utter. "Grow your fruit in large quantities, and let the trees in the orchard be borne down with the weight. Have the donkey cart if you wish, but instead of toiling to the market either with cider or apples, drive from one great house to another, selling—what? Can't you guess?"

"No," said the couple, awed to silence by the impressive tone of the speaker.

"*Apple Jelly*," announced the lodger, in a voice quivering with pride.

For a moment, but only a moment, peace reigned, though, indeed, even then the calm was broken by two gasps of surprise, but swiftly the couple pulled themselves together, and with a cry of rage, they rushed on the lodger and began to belabour him with all their might and main.

"Fool! fool!" cried the woman. "Apple jelly would give me more trouble even than cider. And now that you have put that idea into my husband's head, he will not forget it. How I wish you had never set foot in this cottage," she continued, striking him viciously with the poker, while he, poor man, in his endeavour to avoid the weapon, collided with the husband, who, after cuffing him soundly for his absurd suggestion, pushed him so roughly into a corner that, in trying to save himself, he pulled over the little wooden dresser on which stood the entire stock of household crockery.

The uproar was heard in the lane by the generous neighbour who had promised to start the little orchard with a cutting from one of his own apple trees; indeed, he was just taking the pruning knife from his house to help him carry out his promise, when the shouts and cries made him hurry to offer what assistance he was able. As he reached the door, he saw the couple looking somewhat ashamed at each other, while the lodger, upon whom they really depended for the rent, extricated himself from the mass of broken china. After brushing the chips of it from his torn clothes, he laid a week's money in lieu of notice upon the window-sill, and then limped hurriedly away, muttering as he did so that he would send for his belongings later. To the neighbour was the whole story poured out, even the foolish suggestion concerning the apple jelly was remembered, for that was the one thing upon which this quarrelsome pair could agree. When they had finished their narrative, the listener made a very wise remark.

"Show me the apples," he said, "then I can tell you in an instant whether the fruit is more suitable for cider or jelly; or perhaps, even, it is not worth using for either."

The husband and wife looked at each other in dismay.

"We have no apples *yet*," they were obliged to explain, "but as you promised to give us a cutting from one of your trees we have been planning what to do with the fruit."

"Oh, what foolish folk you are," declared the neighbour. "How much better it would have been if, instead of quarrelling as you have done, you had prepared the orchard to receive the gift I promised you. Now, however, I refuse to give it to you, for I do not consider you are to be trusted."

"Oh! then we shall starve, I know we shall," wailed the woman.

But the neighbour shook his head as he pointed to the form of the lodger who was hurrying swiftly down the lane.

"It will be your fault if you do," he said. "Another time learn to control your temper and attend to the matter close at hand. Now you must give up all hope of an apple orchard, every bit of crockery is broken, and instead of a fine crop of fruit to help pay the rent, you have nothing. In fact, you have neither lodger nor apples."

When he had departed, the woman shrugged her shoulders. "Now I think of it," she declared, "his own trees looked very weak. Had we accepted the cutting he offered, we might have brought the blight into our orchard. How dreadful that would have been."

The man nodded his head. "I daresay we are far better as we are," he said. "The next time he wants to give us anything we will tell him to mind his own business."

. . . . .

If you treat as real what is but a castle in the air, you are probably looking for trouble.

MYRA HAMILTON.

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

AS PICTURED WEEKLY BY LAWSON WOOD

The Last Chapter.—MR. BIFF RETURNS TO ENGLAND

"The Guide-Book is as trustworthy as ever. This *is* the way to land—'without undue ostentation'—and now for 'Home, Sweet Home'"

While rather belated in our reading of *Barham of Beltana*, Mr. W. E. Norris's last book, it has been none the less enjoyable. One always gets a good story from Mr. Norris, and if he does not always write so successfully as in "Thirlby Hall," his characters always move and talk in a life-like manner, and not as if impelled by jerks from a string. In *Barham of Beltana*, Mr. Norris makes the most of a rather thin plot by interesting us in his characters. Both Old Barham and Mr. March are well-drawn types, and we love the former's eccentricities in spite of his hatred of England and everything English. Mr. Norris's work is essentially modern, and nowhere does this become so evident as in the love scene (if such it can be called) between Oliver March and Teresa Barham in the Maglio Gardens, Malta. There are no stifled sighs, nor short exclamations; the heroine does not lift her eyes timidly in reply to her lover's protestations, to be met with a cry of "My darling!" and immediately clasped to a manly bosom. These are the vulgar methods of the past, and if you would acquaint yourself with the most up-to-date, modern methods, you should read *Barham of Beltana* (Methuen: 6*s.*). This scene fixes itself in the mind as the last thing in sheer unromantic modernity, and, speaking for ourselves, we must say we prefer the old, old way, even though we have to go to the *Family Herald* for it.

Books to Order This Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

The Complete Golfer. By Harry Vardon. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

With the Russians in Manchuria. By Maurice Baring. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

FICTION

It's a Way they have in The Army By Lady Helen Forbes. (Duckworth: 6*s.*)

The Marquis's Eye. By G. F. Bradby. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

Poverty Bay. By Harry Furniss. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

FRENCH FICTION

La Vie d'un Simple Memoires d'un Métayer. By Émile Guillaumin. (London: Hachette.)

This week's contribution to the literature of the Russo-Japanese War consists of two works of more than ephemeral interest. First comes Mr. Maurice Baring's *With the Russians in Manchuria* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). The author, who was war correspondent to the *Morning Post*, speaks as one who knows, and takes his profession with anything but the levity shown by the correspondents of one or two papers which shall be nameless. The book is full of fine descriptions of battle, of hand-to-hand fights, and of acts of individual heroism There is much, too, that is pathetic, as witness the following, which contains in a nutshell the reason why the Russian soldiers, in spite of their splendid bravery, have been beaten back time after time by the Japanese. Mr. Baring, finding a wounded Russian at Liao-yang, took him to the Red Cross Hospital: "He was wounded in the chest. We went very slowly over the muddy road. It had stopped raining, and the moon had risen. The wounded soldier said the fighting had been desperate; he had been in a hand-to-hand fight. The Japanese fought splendidly, he said, but were too small to manage bayonets, and did not understand them. After a while, he said, 'Tell me, little father, *what made the Japanese get so angry with us?*'"

In *The First Romanovs*, by R. Nisbet Bain (Constable: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), we get the "cause" of modern Russia's inefficiency as contrasted with the "effects" shown in Mr. Baring's book. The average Englishman, or even the average historical student, knows less of Russian history than that of any other European Power. This accounts for the tendency to judge everything Russian from the purely European standpoint, instead of making allowance for the partially Asiatic temperament with which the Russians are endowed. Again, as in the previous work, the Russians are treated with the greatest impartiality. While intended to be historical, the work is mainly biographical, and this renders it an intensely interesting volume and one which even the "general" reader will read with avidity. Mr. Bain's attitude towards the founders of Modern Russia is well summed up in the following words, which are his own: "The Tsars," he says, "have made many mistakes, but any impartial critic, taking a broad historical view of the one hundred and ninety-eight years during which the Romanovs have held sway, must admit that no other European dynasty has so conscientiously, and on the whole so successfully, done its duty." This is high praise, yet, after reading Mr. Bain's book, one feels that it is well justified.

Mr. Archibald Marshall's "House of Merrilees" has been so popular that Mr. Alston Rivers has been induced to reprint a cheaper edition, at half a crown, of the same author's previous work, *Peter Binney—Undergraduate*. Peter Binney's experiences as an undergraduate at forty-five make excellently ludicrous reading. In fact, the story, without disparagement to its author's original conception, might be said to be a continuation in experiences and humour of Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versâ." The pictures of University life are drawn with the assurance of one who knows it well, and throughout there runs a vein of delicate sarcasm.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

A Caricaturist's Novel

Nearly every professional man and woman in these days seems to think it good fun to give the lie to the ancient maxim about letting the shoemaker stick to his last; for your artist must needs write books, your novelist draw pictures, just to show you that they can do the other thing as well as the thing you expect them to do. The late George Du Maurier furnished, perhaps, the only instance of one who had attained eminence as an artist suddenly discovering himself possessed of a remarkable faculty for fiction, and achieving late in life a literary success far exceeding his previous popularity as a satirist of the pencil. I do not think that Mr. Harry Furniss, for many years his colleague at the historic table of Mr. Punch, is by way of winning a like success now that he too is to be numbered with those who are almost beyond number—the novelists. Yet there is no denying the cleverness of "Poverty Bay" (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.), as his first effort in the field of fiction is entitled. I have read the book with entertainment, though I consider that a good deal of the fun is somewhat artificial. The serio-comic ghost story, with hidden treasure and the graveyard as subjects for jest, is by no means new. Mr. Furniss, I understand, has "views" as to what a novel should be. What these views are I do not exactly know; but if one may judge of them by his performance, they are not precisely those that actuate Mr. Meredith, Miss Corelli, or Mr. Silas Hocking—and that is allowing for some diversity! "Poverty Bay" is described in a sub-title as "a nondescript novel": a very just description; for it is just a yarn, spun in a go-as-you-please fashion, with no worry about style or construction; farce, melodrama, cynicism, and sentiment, being mixed together in an engagingly haphazard way. I would describe it as a hot-weather book, and by that token it could not have come out more opportunely. Although the author has admitted that some of his characters are taken from life, and certain of the episodes from his own experience, there can be no suspicion that the story is, in the usual sense, "true to life," which to me has been a disappointment, as I had imagined it was to be somewhat on the lines of his old editor's first and only novel, "My Time, and What I've Done with It," which appeared thirty years ago, and which, let me tell you, makes mightily interesting reading to-day, if taken in conjunction with Sir Francis Burnand's "Records and Reminiscences." An important feature of Mr. Furniss's book is its lavish supply of illustrations by the author. For these alone, "Poverty Bay" is well worth buying. I am a wholehearted admirer of Harry Furniss, caricaturist. He is easily first among his contemporaries of the pencil, and while many of his sketches in the present book are extremely comic — he can be really humorous without relying on the explanatory text — there are others full of the daintiest grace and charm of line.

The biggest gambler in England

From a sketch by Harry Furniss in "Poverty Bay," and reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall

"First" Novels

I have forgotten who said that every man has it in him to write one good book. It was a pernicious thing to say, as it has spurred many a one to make the venture, only to be driven to the conclusion that he must be less gifted than the average man. Yet it is surprising how many really excellent first novels have appeared in recent years, novels which remain the high-water mark of their authors' achievement. One could easily compile a long list of novelists who retain such popularity as they possess entirely on the strength of the reputation won by their first books; but it might be thought an ungracious thing to do. Mr. Fisher Unwin, more than any other London publisher, has succeeded in securing the best first books of new writers. We all remember the great vogue of his "Pseudonym" series, and it seems to me that in his "First Novel Library" he is repeating that success, as he has brought forward a remarkable array of hitherto unknown writers, who will have to do well indeed if they improve upon their contributions to this library. Out of eleven new novelists whom he has thus introduced, five or six may reasonably be said to have made "hits." Miss K. L. Montgomery and Mrs Margaretta Byrde especially, the one with "The Searchers" and the other with "The Cardinal's Pawn," having already taken their places

among those novelists whose books are sure of a welcome. Mr. Unwin has proved, and in an unusually striking way, that the publisher is by no means unsympathetic to the new-comer, if the latter brings with him something worth paper and ink.

A Tenderfoot in Fleet Street

Well, it was not precisely Fleet Street, but only a few yards away, where it happened. Behold, a young man came from Australia to England fired by a great ambition—to take his degree at Oxford, and then to acquire three years' active experience on the London press before returning to his native land, where he would, doubtless, become an ornament to Antipodean journalism. The Oxford part of his scheme was simple enough, but the second stage proved more difficult. The other day he presented himself to the editor of a leading daily, recommended by two eminent journalists associated with another great newspaper which is but one of many enterprises conducted by the same Napoleonic personality. "I regret that we have no vacancy on our staff," said the editor, "and, it seems to me, you could not do better than get your friends to introduce you to their own chief, whose facilities for affording you three years' experience are unrivalled." "But I have had a very pleasant interview with him," the aspirant explained; "and he said that he would readily have taken me on to his staff had I desired a permanent position, but as I wished to remain for three years only, he was sorry he could not offer me an engagement." Those who can read between the lines will know where the laugh comes in. Clearly we must add to the many eminent gifts of Sir Nap o' the Press, a shrewd sense of humour.

Mr. Jack London

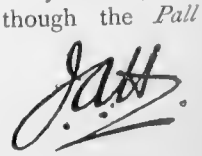
The young Californian author, who has roughed it up and down the world, and given us his experiences in several powerful books

The Brute in Literature

In a newspaper the other day I read of a man who was fined for fighting a collie dog, having, when the police came on the scene, been found with his teeth fastened in the throat of the poor animal. It struck me at the time that this newspaper report might seem to justify, in the minds of some readers, that section of our modern fiction which is designed, it would appear, for no other purpose than to suggest that man is, after all the ages of evolution, largely a brute. There is much of the brute side of man in Kipling's stories; but Mr. Jack London, the American novelist, excels all the dealers in brutality, and in that extraordinary tale, "Bâtard," which appears in "The Faith of Man," there is an episode which this man and dog fight recalled to my mind. Here we are shown a man and a dog who are associated, not by the usual bond of love, or animal devotion to a kind master, but by mutual enmity. The master hates and ill-treats his dog, and the dog hates his master, yet the one has no desire to be rid of the dog, nor the other to leave his master. But the dog cherishes the thought of revenge for all his ill-usage when he feels himself strong enough to try conclusions, and the day comes when he has his master by the throat. The man might draw his knife and kill the dog in an instant, but "the beast in him was up and raging":—

> He would do the thing with his hands and his teeth . . . it was a primordial setting and a primordial scene, such as might have been in the savage youth of the world. An open space in a dark forest, a ring of grinning wolf dogs, and in the centre two beasts, locked in combat, snapping and snarling, raging madly about, panting, sobbing, cursing, straining, wild with passion, in a fury of murder, ripping and tearing and clawing in elemental brutishness.

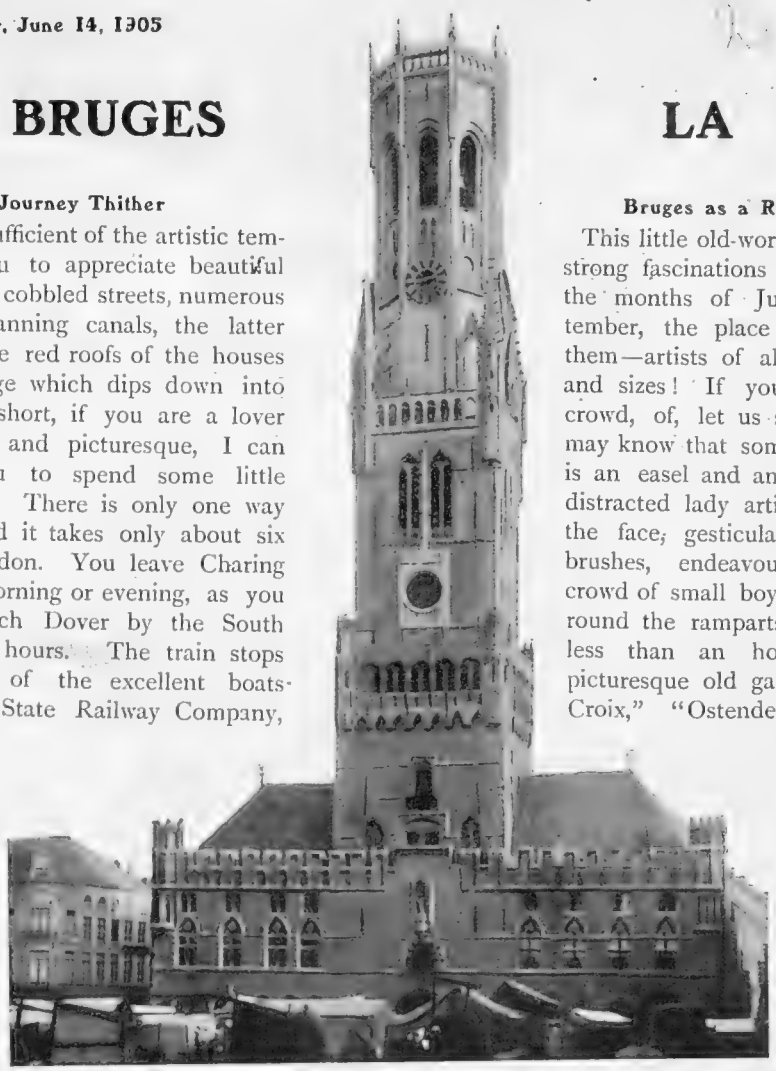
Thus began a war of years between the two creatures. I am not sure that this is in any sense true to life, although the "strength" of such fiction is fairly obvious. The brute man is capable of anything, but is *anything* legitimate subject for imaginative treatment in literature? What an outcry Mr. James Greenwood, that veteran of the Press, "The Amateur Casual" (who, by the way, has a new book out just now "Among the Cranks"), created when he described, many years ago in the *Daily Telegraph*, a man's fight with a dog, arranged for a wager. He was held to have invented his horrors, yet to my certain knowledge worse atrocities are perpetrated even to this day in the near neighbourhood of enlightened Birmingham. If the man and dog fight is legitimate matter for fiction, why not the man who kills rats with his teeth, his hands and feet being bound; a Black Country diversion, if you please! I may be old-fashioned, but I cannot help thinking that some of these "strenuous" new writers, are inclined to fancy that by exploiting brutality they have discovered a short cut to "power" in fiction. Still, one must allow that Mr. London—who is a Californian, and, though just thirty years of age, has led a wonderfully varied life, roughing it in many strange quarters from the Klondike to Japan—has a most unusual gift of vivid description, and can tell us what he has seen, if he cannot always construe its import, nor see—a greater gift this—the wonders of ordinary things. Mr. London's most futile performance was his two months' stay in our own East End, which resulted in that rather absurd book, "The People of the Abyss." By the way, his name is not an assumed one, though the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which is printing some of his short stories just now, has been advertising it with quotation marks.



AT BRUGES LA BELLE

The Journey Thither

If you have sufficient of the artistic temperament in you to appreciate beautiful old architecture, cobbled streets, numerous old bridges spanning canals, the latter reflecting all the red roofs of the houses and green foliage which dips down into the waters; in short, if you are a lover of the quaint and picturesque, I can recommend you to spend some little time in Bruges. There is only one way to get there, and it takes only about six hours from London. You leave Charing Cross in the morning or evening, as you prefer, and reach Dover by the South Eastern in two hours. The train stops alongside one of the excellent boats of the Belgian State Railway Company, and comfortably ensconced on board, one is at Ostend in a trifle over three hours. An all too short ride (ten miles only) in one of the luxurious trains of this company brings one to Bruges—happily named La Belle



The Majestic Belfry of Bruges

Begun in 1291, this world-famous bell-tower was not finished until a hundred years later. It was erected by the burghers as a lasting proclamation of their independence. It is now justly famous for its sweetly blended, mellow chimes, which burst forth into a carillon every quarter of an hour

Bruges as a Resort for Artists

This little old-world town of Belgium has strong fascinations for artists, and during the months of July, August, and September, the place literally swarms with them—artists of all nationalities, shapes, and sizes! If you perceive a Flemish crowd, of, let us say, thirty people, you may know that somewhere in the middle is an easel and an artist! Many a poor distracted lady artist have I seen, red in the face, gesticulating wildly with her brushes, endeavouring to send off a crowd of small boys. One can walk right round the ramparts of the little town in less than an hour, passing the four picturesque old gates of "Ghent," "Saint Croix," "Ostende," and the "Porte Maréchale" (an illustration of which accompanies this article), and in no better way can the visitor commence his acquaintance. Do not, please, go to Bruges in order to "do" the town, or to rush round and see "sights." There are plenty of things there which everyone should see, but the

One of the Defences of Ancient Bruges: The Porte Maréchale

Seven hundred years ago, Bruges was one of the most important cities in the world, and the richest in Europe. All the principal merchants of the Mediterranean and the East had "factories" or guilds here. Owing to the somewhat arrogant manner in which the sturdy burghers showed their independence, quarrels between them and their feudal lords, and even with their neighbours of Ghent, were frequent. At that time the city was encircled with ramparts flanked by a canal. Of the old gates of the city, only four now remain, of which the one in our illustration is a good specimen

A typical bridge at Bruges

The French name Bruges, which comes from the Flemish Brugge, signifies "bridges," of which the town has a good number. These add in no small measure to its picturesqueness, and during the summer months Bruges has an artists' colony of its own

The Hôtel de Ville, Bruges

One of the finest specimens of civic architecture in Belgium—the Gothic Town Hall of Bruges—has not been spoilt in its restoration. The interior is well worth a visit, as a fine series of frescoes representing the rise and affluence of Mediæval Bruges, are now being painted by M. de Vriendt, an Antwerp artist

A Picturesque Corner in Bruges La Belle: The Quai du Rosaire

Perhaps the best way to "enjoy" Bruges, especially if one has only a short time to stay, is to cut out all "sights" from the programme and spend the time wandering about the city. Our illustration is very typical of many views one may obtain. Perhaps, just now, when the tints of early summer are on the trees and the grass banks which slope down in most places to the edge of the canal, Bruges is to be seen in its most charming aspect

sight-seeing spirit is out of place, nowhere so much as in sleepy little Bruges. The charm of Bruges lies in its streets of mediæval houses, its canals, and its people, and while the Memling pictures, the Cathedral, the Church of Notre Dame, the Chapelle du St. Sang, and the other things and places which are described at length in guide-books, should all receive their due share of attention, remember to take them one at a time, and in a reverent spirit.

The Church of St. Gilles

Bruges has many churches which cannot be visited during a stay of only one or two days. Yet the curious, with a week or so to spare, will find something of interest in them all

A Relic of the Middle Ages

The Bruges of to-day is the Bruges of 1200 to 1600, so far as its architecture is concerned. Its history goes right back to the third century, and in the fifteenth century, when the town was the seat of the Counts of Flanders, it was the richest town in Europe outside of Italy. Then it was that

Lombard and Venetian merchants, with deep-laden argosies,

came to Bruges, and made it one of the chief commercial centres of the time. William Caxton, the first English printer, lived here for thirty years, from 1446 to 1476; Jan van Eyck was painting here from 1428 to 1440; while Memling, who has been called the Fra Angelico of Flanders, painted his most famous works here. The sturdy independence—one might almost call it arrogance—of the wealthy burghers is well known. The famous Belfry of Bruges was erected as the first sign of the burghers' independence of their feudal lords:—

In the market place of Bruges, stands the belfry old and brown,
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

The Quai Vert, Bruges

The old canals, which encircle and intersect the city, are no longer used for commerce, owing to the canal, which connects Bruges with the sea, being choked up. A new canal of generous width, and well provided with extensive wharfs, has been cut at a cost of many million francs, and soon Bruges will once more have uninterrupted water passage to and from the coast

Yes! dear little Bruges, you are full of interest and charm, and often, amid the racket and roar of London, I long to be walking once again by the side of your sleepy canals, idly watching the graceful swans as they glide past, admiring the ever-changing lights on the belfry tower, with its perfect reflection in the waters beneath. It's the proper thing to be idle in "Bruges La Belle"!

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

FURTHER REFLECTIONS BY ERNEST LEHMANN

New Methods for Driving and Approaching

I had not space in my last article on the Amateur Championship to expatiate on several points well worthy of notice. One of the things which particularly struck me is that very few players now drive or approach in the manner commonly adopted by players twenty years ago. The open stance in driving, that is, driving off the right leg, and standing very much as we used to be taught to stand for approach shots in my younger days, has now become almost universal. In old days, we should have thought that we would infallibly slice with such a stance. Possibly, with the old club, with the long wooden face, we should have done so, and the short-faced club may have something to do with the success of the modern stance. However that may be, the players who have adopted this stance are nearly all very straight drivers, and seem to play their shots throughout with great ease and certainty. Now I come to another point, the difference in the method of approaching. In old days we were taught to use our wrists as much as possible in approach play. Nowadays, it is rare to see a player using his wrists in the old manner. Among the few adhering to the older method—certainly a far more graceful manner of playing than the modern one—I noticed particularly Mr. Graham, Mr. Dick, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Laidlay, four of the finest amateur exponents of the short game. But a vast majority now play their approach shots, like Mr. Angus McDonald and Mr. Barry, with a stiff arm and wrist swing. It is really a push shot done with a very firm wrist. I have heard this form of playing the shot attributed to the rubber-cored ball, which comes away so smartly from the iron club that no wrist work is necessary. Certainly, this manner of playing is most effective. I noticed the same thing among the professionals last year, and I have little doubt that in a few years, wrist work, properly so-called, in approach shots, will be a mere memory. The tendency throughout in the game is to more and more concentration of force, and whether it be driving or approaching, the player's manifest intention nowadays is to abstain from any unnecessary flourishes, and get the ball away in the most effective and certain manner possible.

The finalists in the Ladies' Open Golf Championship at Cromer

Standing: Mrs. F. W. Brown and Miss Dorothy Campbell (semi-final)
Sitting: Miss Bertha Thompson (winner) and Miss M. E. Stuart (runner-up)

The Fascination of Match Play

Another thing borne in upon my mind with greater force than ever, was the immense superiority in fascination for the bystander of match over score play. As between two players in a match, the fight for a hole is a most exciting and absorbing matter, and at the finish the one competitor who appeared certain to lose the hole, either wins or halves it by some brilliant piece of recovery. Mark, too, that this means a great test of nerve and judgment for the player who makes the unexpected recovery. Nothing in the world will ever convince me that the dull system of scoring, in which it but rarely occurs that a player is pitting himself against a known score by another player, can possibly be as good a test of nerve, skill, and judgment, as match play, where, like skilled fencers, two men watch each other and take advantage of each other's weaknesses, or parry the skilled strokes of the adversary. Golf would be a dull game indeed if all the behests of the advocates of scoring were complied with. We should have no difficulties on the direct line of the hole, and the game would become a series of mathematically straight strokes involving no questions of the better line to take, the safer point to play to, or the trend of the ground, all those points in which the supremacy of St. Andrews is so absolute when compared with other links. Thank heaven, in spite of all lengthening of holes, of perfecting of lies throughout the course, and of enormously increased area of putting greens, as level and true as croquet lawns, our beloved game will be saved from an evil fate by that agency which man has not yet learned to control, the agency of weather and wind. Let us hope that this mania for lengthening courses will have but a brief reign. I read with a shudder the details of the total length of the new Troon course, which was opened the other day. The ceremony had quite an American touch about it, in that the Provost, in his speech, declared, *urbi et orbi*, that the new course was the longest in the world. A murrain on all this lengthening of courses, say I. That is not the true way of meeting the difficulties brought upon courses by the new ball. Courses were always too short or too long in the old days in certain winds—they will be so still. Meet your difficulties, not by adding enormous length, but by increasing the dangers at every point; sow your course with good-sized pot-bunkers and guard your holes cunningly, and then presently you and I, dear reader, will wake from this nightmare of length and slogging which now besets our game, and will breathe a sigh of relief on finding players and green committees returning to truer and saner views of the game.

LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

By MISS MAY HEZLET

The great event of the ladies' golfing year, the Open Championship Meeting of 1905, has recently been decided at Cromer, in Norfolk. The meeting was a record one in point of numbers, one hundred and thirty-seven ladies taking part in the contest, particular interest being given to the event by the presence of eight or nine American ladies. The entry was an extremely representative one, there being at least a dozen scratch golfers who could look forward justifiably to being Champion, and it was difficult to foretell accurately the ultimate winner. Prior to the Championship meeting, a series of International matches were played, the teams being composed of seven players a side, and in these contests, Scotland came through with flying colours, defeating both England and Ireland. A team representing Great Britain contested with the American representatives on Thursday afternoon, the result being a win for the Britishers by six matches to one.

The Championship proper commenced on the Tuesday, and continued until the Friday evening, so that the winner had quite hard work by the time she attained her title. It was a most remarkable meeting in one way, namely, the downfall of the scratch players, who suffered defeat one after the other in the third, fourth and fifth rounds. Miss Glover, Miss E. C. Nevile, Miss M. Graham, Miss Bishop, Miss M. Curtis, and several others, who had been looked upon as probable winners, all succumbed to different players, and the semi-final round eventually lay between Miss Bertha Thompson, Mrs. Brown, Miss Dorothy Campbell, and Miss M. E. Stuart. Miss Dorothy Campbell had played consistently good golf throughout the week, defeating, on her way through, several redoubtable golfers. Miss M. E. Stuart had also been playing well, and, therefore, their match was expected to be a close one. Miss Campbell led at the start, but Miss Stuart reduced the lead before the turn, and finally gained the victory by three up and two to play. Miss Bertha Thompson had a hard fight against Mrs. Brown. The latter led up to the twelfth hole, but from that point Miss Bertha Thompson steadily gained the holes, and eventually succeeded in winning. The final was watched by a large crowd of interested spectators. The first hole was halved, and after that Miss Thompson succeeded in getting the lead, and at the sixth tee stood three up. Miss Stuart then made a splendid effort, and getting each of the three successive holes in three, squared the match. Afterwards, some give-and-take play took place, Miss Thompson eventually getting the lead, and being two up and five to play. The next two holes were halved, and at the sixteenth Miss Stuart unfortunately got into the bunker with her second shot, and being unable to get out, had to pick up, and so lost the match by three up and two to play. The Champion, Miss Bertha Thompson, is a thoroughly good golfer, driving an excellent ball and putting and approaching, as a rule, in a deadly manner. Miss Stuart is well known in Ireland, and enjoys a wide reputation. She was bronze medallist in 1903, but has never before reached the final round.

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Ladies' Golf Championship at Cromer: Miss F. Hezlet at the tenth green

LAWN-TENNIS NOTES

By H. S. SCRIVENER

"The Bystander" Prize

The Rev. H. O. Ransome, of Kilby Vicarage, Leicester, who won the Mass racket, presented by THE BYSTANDER for umpiring at the Leicester Lawn-Tennis Tournament, is an old Cambridge lawn-tennis Blue. He has lost none of his enthusiasm for the game, of which, though he plays but little in public, he is an exponent of more than average skill. This year he was unable to enter for the tournament, of which he has always been a loyal supporter; but he was present each day, and, as he was always ready to "take the chair" when called upon, his services were invaluable, especially as his capacity for the work is quite on a par with his willingness; so that the decision of the committee to award him the prize was entirely endorsed by the players, and approved by no less an authority than R. F. Doherty himself. Among those who were only a little behind Ransome in zeal and ability, and deserve honourable mention on that account, were Miss L. Harding, M. Sinclair, E. C. Whitehead, H. J. Weston, and H. A. Parsons. The success of Ransome on this occasion reminds me of an amusing incident in which he figured prominently, and no less usefully, at Colchester, some years ago. A regular hurricane, sufficiently strong to stop play for the time being, was sweeping across the ground, and it was obvious that the referee's tent was coming down; but the work of salving its contents was successfully performed with the aid of two stalwart Cantabs, H. O. Ransome and R. Hamblin Smith, who hung on to the main guy-rope, and literally held up the tent while my numerous *impedimenta* (I was the referee) were being removed to a place of safety. At length, as the gale increased in force, they cried out that they could hold on no longer, and I had barely time to scuttle forth, like an extremely frightened rabbit, before the tent swayed and collapsed, dragging Ransome and Hamblin Smith head over heels in its fall, amid the cheers and laughter of the "gallery."

Stirring Times at Leicester

I doubt whether there is anything so conducive to good play as a large and appreciative "gallery." Novices, of course, suffer from a sort of stage fright when playing before a crowd, and often come to grief in consequence; but when once this feeling has worn off, the presence of onlookers stimulates one in the desire to excel, and creates a feeling of exultation which it is difficult to compass when performing to empty benches. A good illustration of this was furnished by the last day's play at Leicester, where, before a crowded audience, the combatants in the finals and semi-finals of the open events were, almost without exception, at their best To the many good matches which occurred in the course of the day it would be impossibl to refer in detail; but I should be inclined to pick out the final of the Men's Singles in which Hillyard beat Eaves, the final of the Men's Doubles in whicl R. F. Doherty and Eaves beat Hillyard and Cazalet, and the final of the Mixed Doubles in which Hillyard and Miss Pinckney beat Doherty and Miss Eastlake Smith, as the most noteworthy. Hillyard was goo almost throughout. In the Single he showed b

Photo by *Miss Kendall*

A snapshot taken during the luncheon interval at the Leicester Tournament

From left to right: Miss Kentish, Miss Eastlake Smith, R. F. Doherty, Dr. W. V. Eaves

his activity that he has practically recovered from his recent lameness; in the Double, though on the losing side, he was often the best of the four; while in the Mixed Double his game was almost perfect. Great was the enthusiasm over Miss Pinckney's play, too, and, indeed, the score by which she and Hillyard beat Doherty and Miss Eastlake Smith (6—3, 6—2), almost speaks for itself, for Doherty was playing finely, too, and it was the superiority of Miss Pinckney over Miss Eastlake Smith as a mixed player which turned the scale. The two ladies had, in the morning, fought out the semi-final of the Ladies' Singles, and here, after a desperate struggle in the hottest part of the day, Miss Pinckney had just got home, after her opponent had led at 3—1 in the third set. Miss Eastlake Smith is a fine runner, and never spared herself for an instant in this match. It is, therefore, likely that the strain of it made itself felt later on. However that may be, I think that she is now fairly entitled to take her place among the select band of first-class players, while, as to Miss Pinckney, the consensus of opinion was that it would be hard to find a better Mixed Double partner. The one *contretemps* of the meeting was the enforced retirement of Mrs. Hillyard, owing to a chill caught on the opening day, which compelled her to stay at home for the rest of the meeting. Had she been able to go on, the fun would have been even more fast and furious, for she is in tip-top form, and will, I fancy, prove as difficult as ever to beat at Wimbledon.

The Rev. H. O. Ransome, of Kilby Vicarage, Leicester

Winner of THE BYSTANDER racket for umpiring at the Leicester Tournament

Not Much "Ex" about the Ex-Champion

R. F. Doherty did not play in the level Singles, but he won the first-class handicap, owing 30.4, and giving starts up to 15.3, without the loss of so much as a set. Hillyard (owe 15.2) would probably have met him in the final had he not saved himself for the open events, and the odds would have been about right. I also think that R. W. Kendall, the local crack, with three-sixths, would have extended him had he not strained his leg, and likewise had to scratch; but as it was, Doherty seemed to win much as he liked. For my own part, I doubt whether there is a better Single player going at the present time, and unless something extraordinary happens in the next month, I should like to see him chosen for the International Single matches. He did not play in the Singles at Wimbledon last year, and this, coupled with the fact that his brother has, so to speak, "taken over the business" of defending the Championship, has led to the impression that the Double game is "R. F.'s" *forte*. This is erroneous. I believe the brothers to be about equal as Single players, and in Doubles I give a slight preference to "H. L.," who, by the way, as "R. F." informs me, has quite recovered from his recent strain.

Chiswick Park

Although there were plenty of entries at Chiswick, they were hardly up to the usual standard in point of quality; but to make up for this there were several close finishes and some surprises. It was no very difficult matter to pick the winner of the Men's Singles—G. M. Simond—and the real question was to what extent he would be made to go. As a matter of fact, he was made to go nearly all the way, for he lost a set in turn to R. McNair, G. A. Thomas, and H. Pollard, and only just got the better of the last-named after eight-all in the third set of the final. Pollard was playing extremely well at this tournament, as was proved by his defeat of A. E. Crawley with the loss of only three games. For the Men's Doubles, I should have tipped Simond and Prebble to win, but they went under in the semi-final to Kitson, the South African Champion, and Thomas, who ultimately won the whole thing. Thomas is evidently on the up-grade just now, for besides winning the Doubles with Kitson, and gaining a set from Simond in the Singles, he won the Mixed Doubles with Miss Tulloch, beating Simond and Miss Morton in the final. Miss Morton's star was certainly not in the ascendant at Chiswick, for besides losing an apparent certainty in the Mixed Doubles with Simond, she failed in the Ladies' Singles, gaining only three games against Mrs. Greville, the ultimate winner. The best fight against Mrs. Greville was made by Miss Squire in the final. Miss N. Meyer, the winner of THE BYSTANDER Umpire's Prize at Surbiton, did well in the handicaps, winning the Ladies' Doubles with her sister, Miss C. H. Meyer, and (in partnership with A. J. Malcolm) dividing the Mixed Doubles with Kitson and Miss Squire.

NOTICE

Next Wednesday will be published "THE BYSTANDER" SPORTS NUMBER containing 80 pages

THE CONNOISSEUR

Simplicity in Bedroom Furniture

Simplicity has long been recognised as the final refuge of the complex in the general affairs of life, but in no connection is this return to first principles more applicable than in regard to the furniture of our houses. After generations of complications in this direction, the feeling of to-day is strongly in favour of a clear simplicity and a plain general effect. Among those who have made it their business to foster this ideal, and provide the necessary food for its sustenance, no one has done better work than the house of Heal and Son.

Large wardrobe in oak, with inlay of ebony and whitewood

The Style Evolved

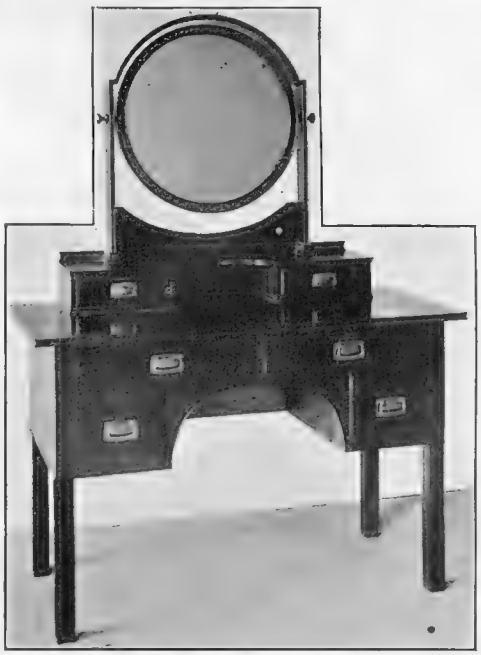
During the past ten years they have given much useful and intelligent study to the application of machinery in the production of what is at once beautiful and useful. Taking only one department of the household—that of the bedroom — under their care, they have devoted their fully instructed labours to perfecting a class of furniture which unites many good qualities of the past with the inexpensiveness and perfection of workmanship which the latest inventions in machinery can produce. What this firm has done of late in the task of providing these articles can now be seen in their shops, where they have fitted rooms with their newest and most attractive sets, and displayed other examples to considerable advantage in their show

Simple mahogany wardrobe, with looking-glass, in eighteenth-century feeling

Chest on stand, in the Stuart style, oak, with bronzed handles

Simplicity in Bedroom Furniture

rooms. After many experiments, always interesting, although occasionally uninspired, they have produced several sets of bedroom pieces in slightly different styles, which are worthy of the highest traditions of English workmanship. The woods employed are mainly of two kinds, oak fumigated, and of a pleasant grey tone, and a wood they call Colonial mahogany, which, under skilful treatment, presents a subdued brightness of surface, and a warmth and cheerfulness of tone that alone give an air of hospitality and welcome to any room in which it appears.



Dressing-table, showing "Colonial" style adapted to modern requirements

The Illustrations

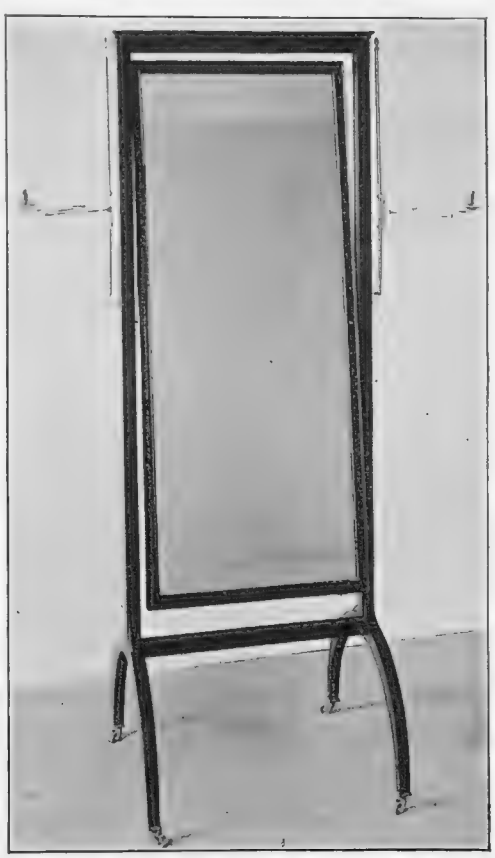
The photographs which we give convey the best possible idea of the charm of design with which long years of practical work and sincere study of old models have endowed these latest examples of cabinet work.

The first illustration shows, in miniature, a fine wardrobe, in which the grain of the oak is used in a decorative way—lightened at certain well-proportioned distances with an inlay of ebony and light wood. The effect, when seen in a room is domestic, without being dull; substantial, but bright and attractive. The chest on Stuart stand is likely to be very much sought after, as it combines many good qualities in one piece, and gives a bedroom a certain distinction without that air of pretension so common in new furniture.

Styles of Past Generations

Here it is interesting to trace in each piece some refinement of the styles in use many generations ago. In the admirable chest on stand, for example, may be seen the adapted influences of the Stuart elegancies, while the actual handling is, to some extent, an improvement on the "Walnut Age."

In the wardrobe with glass door, the spirit of sainted simplicity is carried to its ultimate, with, we think, most admirable results. The cheval glass is in a rather different manner, and may be said almost to reproduce an eighteenth-century design. The arrangement for the candles is particularly clever; the whole serves its purpose perfectly in the least pretentious way, and yet possesses a style and grace of its own. The dressing-table for modern use has long been the rock on which furniture designers have split, but Mr. Heal has certainly managed to evolve, from the many varying forms of many periods, a piece that is likely to prove extremely useful and popular in the future.



Cheval glass in mahogany of eighteenth-century design; adjustable candle brackets in antique manner

Colonial Feeling

What is called the Colonial feeling — that is to say, the mode affected by our American cousins when George III. began to reign—is shown particularly in the dressing-table, but throughout all the pieces of these various sets in mahogany and oak, that pleasing domesticity of eighteenth-century country life is a marked characteristic. It is to the recapturing of this spirit of homely beauty and substantial worth that this particular collection of modern furniture owes its undoubted interest. With simplicity, as the base and cultured taste to guide the elevation, there is no doubt that public appreciation will crown the undertaking. Such work as Messrs. Heal now have in their shops, although produced, no doubt, for purely commercial purposes, shows that the efforts which leaders of taste have made during the last twenty years to cultivate the public towards a juster estimate of the beauty of simplicity, have not been in vain. Unless one of those social revulsions which occasionally frustrate the growth of culture overtakes us, there can be no doubt that our children's children will inherit almost as pleasing an accretion of domestic surroundings as did our ancestors three generations ago.

E. M.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. Jack May

As I write, we are preparing for the pause of Whitsuntide. Although merely a momentary pause this year, even that will be welcome enough, and something to the good. The three topics of conversation for the moment are the King of Spain, the State Ball, and the Royal Wedding: all events that will have been consummated ere these pages are read.

Apropos of the first, there is a rumour we shall essay the mantilla, high combs, and fans, together with the toreador toque. I doubt the acceptance of the mantilla as a general vogue. As to the high comb, that is with us already, and exceedingly decorative and charming it is, especially when worn as a finish to the little hat tipped well forward. And talking of combs tempts me to stray away into a reflection on the pretty coiffures of the hour. Almost, these resolve themselves into a question of combs, perhaps the most generally successful being those of medium depth and quite plain, in the middle shade of shell, four, and even five, adorning many an up-to-date head.

Apropos of Balls

It goes without saying, the climax of evening triumphs will be attained at the Court Ball. For, as Cinderella's ugly sisters remarked in the pantomime, "You cannot possibly do a Court Ball under two shillings or half a crown"—a delicious bit of satire. It is an end worthy of the best efforts, far more so, indeed, than that of a Court, when a flash before the Royal presence suffices for display, and we are once again smothered in our trains.

As one amiably privileged to have a peep behind the scenes, I have been put in possession of some interesting facts respecting several of the gowns to be worn. And from out of the *galère* there stands forth as a conspicuous success, a sunset dream of dress fashioned of skirt upon skirt of tulle in mauve, yellow, and pink. About the hem a light rouleau of maize velvet meanders, in gentle undulations and scrolls, above which comes an embroidery of old silver and gold. A princesse gown of white satin is embroidered in a light, spidery design, with gold turning to green, a sort of verdigris effect, infinitely more beautiful than it sounds, the whole melting into a flounce of old lace.

After this latter manner is a filmy black net, exquisitely treated in a wholly originally fashion with an *appliqué* of black velvet in a flag design, arranged in an upright position from the hem, but as though blown by the wind, this resolving into a sprinkling of velvet lozenges, encircled by a line of sparkling jet. The corsage is quite *bébé* and simple, with short, puffed sleeves, a white chiffon lining throwing the black embroidery up in glorious relief.

More About the Royal Wedding

It is not surprising to learn—indeed! it is only what one expected—that the great Paquin, at 39, Dover Street, has been favoured by Royal commands to design specially and create several of the trousseau gowns for Princess Margaret of Connaught, whose taste, one learns from all sides, is both good and a little exigeant. But all great *coutourières* will tell you they infinitely prefer dressing some one who knows, rather than the tiresome, undeterminate woman, who never arrives at any conclusion, good, bad, or indifferent.

But about these Royal trousseau gown. Miss Pleydel Young has sketched one, a *récherché* afternoon frock of black Oriental satin, the skirt arranged with folds of satin and mousseline de soie, and the corsage of satin and black guipure, cut in a V to show a chemisette of white application lace. Then there is a tailor gown of fine prune cloth, the jacket opening on a *gilet* of soft yellow cloth, with collar of embroidered velvet and quaint porcelain buttons. And there are two adorable wraps, the one for carriage wear of black Oriental satin, with raised embroidery in black, lined with chiffon; and the other, an evening seduction of pale blue Oriental satin, embroidered in delicate tones of pink and blue, relieved by discreet touches of gold, the whole lined through with pale blue mousseline de soie.

For evening wear, also, comes a gown of black tulle, the skirt worked with a graceful design in jet, the *décolletage* cut low to reveal a chemisette of white spotted tulle, softened by white *appliqué* lace, narrow folds of black velvet forming a fichu effect over the shoulders.

A Woman's Note Book

"It is a reflection on our intelligence that we spend so much time on our food, and so much more time in talking about it," says a writer in a contemporary. "It is the perversity of the human mind to occupy itself with the incidental." I am afraid, then, we are very bad, dull people, given up to the contemplation of the most unimportant aspects of life; yet, after all, we must eat to live; and living is of the highest importance—at least to each person who is occupied in doing it. I find that this writer agrees with me so far; we must, indeed, eat, he says, only we need not think or bother so much about it. Whereupon I reply that if we *are* going to live, we may as well do so in a manner satisfactory to ourselves, and, at least, bearable to those who are about us; while everyone knows that the person who dines hastily off a sandwich, and makes a point of regarding food as a nuisance, generally has a shocking temper, produced by a corresponding digestion; and is a curse to him or herself, not to mention the world at large. I do not think that we spend such an undue amount of time over meals. When I say this, I speak of the ordinary everyday household over their ordinary, everyday meals.

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An afternoon frock of black Oriental satin for Princess Margaret of Connaught

The skirt is arranged with folds of satin and mousseline de soie, and the corsage of satin and black guipure, cut in a V to show a chemisette of white application lace

(Sketched at Payuin's, Dover Street, by K. Pleydel Young)

Of course, there *are* functions in which people waste a great deal of time over their food. It is generally supposed, for instance, that City magnates eat about six times as much as they require; but as I only have this on hearsay, and it is not part of my duty to dine in the City, I forbear from offering an

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Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, W.

opinion. I am speaking, as I said, of the ordinary householder. True, there is the dinner-party; that *is* a waste of time—a dreary, monotonous waste; but no one gives a dinner-party for its own sake, nor does the hostess suffer from the delusion that either she or her guests are going to enjoy themselves. A dinner-party is an institution of ancient standing; it is given as a return for other hospitality which was likewise proffered for the same reason, and probably accepted as unwillingly.

And then this journalist says that we shocking people talk so much about our food. But here again I resent his condemnation. Is not our conversation very moral? Far from seeking only the little things of life, we make even these little things plunge us into the most profound considerations. Why, we have become such a thoughtful people, that we find beans and bacon, cauliflowers and mutton, are connected, in a manner we should never have suspected, with justice, prudence, bravery, unselfishness, and such like. Some one, who probably knows nothing about it, rises up and preaches a vegetable diet, and we all take to it wildly, until some one else discovers that vegetables are injurious, physically and morally, and offers another means by which we may attain the highest pinnacle of virtue. And if we kill off a few people by these sudden transitions, to say nothing of producing a host of pale invalids, consider all the same how nice and good it is of us to be taking our moral welfare so much to heart! Besides, is not this experimental method merely the history of medicine repeated, though carried on this time mostly by the uninitiated. So I beg to refute that nasty statement about the human mind occupying itself with the incidental; the human mind is getting abominably serious to *itself*, if a little comic to the other human minds that are looking on. Why should we not be faddy about our food if we like, and talk about our fads if we want to? And yet I tremble lest by advocating these views I may have left upon my "intelligence" an indelible stain.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu

Now that summer has really come, the following cold supper dishes will be found very tempting for those who have been boating, motoring, or even after a theatre, as they are easy to prepare, dainty to look at, and excellent in taste:—

Flemish Eggs
Cutlets in Aspic
Green-Corn Salad
Fruit Jelly
Welsh Rarebit

FLEMISH EGGS

Hard boil half a dozen eggs, place them in cold water, and then carefully remove the shells. Cut each egg in half with a sharp knife, take out the yolk, and place in a basin, with a little chopped ham and a few capers chopped very small, moisten all with a tablespoonful of melted butter, and season with cayenne pepper. Work all these ingredients together with a wooden spoon, and then fill each half of the eggs and press the two together. Arrange some watercress (which has been soaked in salt and water, and afterwards well washed) on a dish, place the eggs on this, and serve.

CUTLETS IN ASPIC

Trim some cutlets from a small roast neck of mutton. Make a gill of tomato sauce, ditto white sauce, and in each dissolve a teaspoonful of gelatine powder. Season the cutlets, which should be thin, with pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon; set them on a dish with a little space between each, and cover one half with white and the other with the tomato sauce. Stand till the sauce is perfectly set. In some clear, well-seasoned stock dissolve a little gelatine powder, and when nearly cold, pour this over and round the cutlets. When the jelly is firm, cut out the cutlets, and arrange alternately in a circle on a dish; chop the remains of the jelly, and scatter round the cutlets; in the centre have a pile of cold boiled peas.

GREEN-CORN SALAD

Wash two small lettuces and one bunch of watercress, put them in a clean cloth, fasten the corners of it together, and swing it round until all water is squeezed from the salad; after which, pull them in pieces and place in a salad-bowl. Turn half a tin of green corn into the salad, and mix altogether. Use two hard-boiled eggs, cut in dice, and some thinly-sliced beetroot as garnish, and serve with a good salad dressing.

FRUIT JELLY.

Now that fruit is becoming plentiful, no jelly should be sent to table unless ornamented with it. When the jelly is nearly cold, place a layer of it in a wet mould, and then arrange strawberries, or whatever fruit you have. A variety is prettier than one kind only. Now add a few spoonfuls more jelly to keep the fruit in place. When this is set, add some more jelly and more fruit, until the mould is filled. When turned out, the mould will be found to look very pretty, and the fruit will improve the taste of the jelly. If a mould is used with a hole in it, the centre can be filled with whipped cream.

WELSH RAREBIT

Take half a gill of milk, 3 oz. of Cheddar cheese cut into small dice, one egg, 1 oz. butter, seasoning, toasted and buttered bread. Put the milk into a chafing dish and bring it to the boil. Add the cheese, the egg (previously beaten), season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir, cooking slowly until quite smooth, or resembling thick cream. Remove the pan from the stove and stir in the butter; then return over the stove and re-heat. Pour the mixture over slices of toasted and buttered bread and serve quickly. The secret of this Welsh rarebit is careful and continuous stirring, so that it is smooth and creamy

EMILIA.

Arrangements have been made by which we shall go to press only a few hours before publication, making "The Bystander" the most up-to-date of any weekly journal. All week-end events, especially those concerned with Sport, will be given special attention

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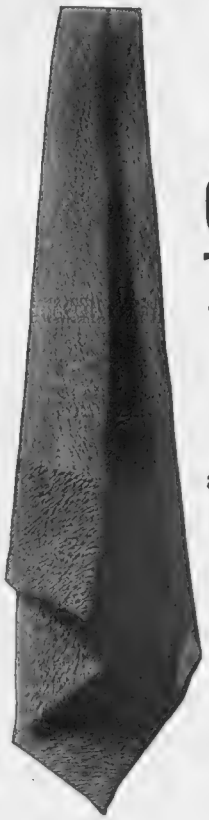

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

The House Again Considers the Motor

The recent debate on motor speeds in the House of Commons was not unproductive of good. Commencing with a violent and unreasonable attack on Mr. Long by Mr. Wason, a discussion on the speed limit ensued, and formed an interesting feature. To Mr. Arthur Stanley, the chairman of the Automobile Club, the House accorded a patient hearing. The statement of one honourable Member that the country roads were just as "if hell were let loose on them," he considered a little exaggerated. He admitted, nevertheless, that there were too many accidents, but stated that the automobile clubs were moving in the matter.

The recent Eliminating Trials
At Quarter Bridge, sailors—ever handymen—acted, for the time being, as special police

Abolish the Speed Limit

Two proposals did Mr. Arthur Stanley make—first, the omission of any legal speed limit; second, that fines should be increased, with the right of appeal to a judge. On the all-important question of a legal speed limit, Mr. Long, too, held eminently sensible views. The imposition of a definite speed rate carried with it, he said, danger to the public, because the police, the public, and careless drivers, were apt to look rather at the statutory speed regulation than at the general safety. All those who have studied the question know that there is much to be said for this view. A motor travelling at the present limit of twenty miles, can, in certain localities, and under certain traffic conditions, be a danger to the public. On the other hand, it is unnecessary to restrict the modern car to such a speed in open country.

Wanted, a Test to Prove Driving Efficiency

I was glad to see tha the question of a drivin test was referred to. Th present system of grantin a license to anyone wh applies, and pays fiv shillings, is really questionable proceedin In practice, far too muc learning is done on the public highway, and I hav always suspected that a goodly proportion of recen accidents were due to beginners' mistakes. Motorin proficiency should not be acquired on the ordinary thoroughfares, at the risk of injuring other people's property and limbs. A really practical test of drivin skill should be instituted by the authorities, and n driving license should be issued until the applican has successfully passed such examination.

A Luxurious Touring Car: A 24-30 h.-p. Roche-Schneider

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—*Motoring Illustrated*, 25/3/05.

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More Reasonable Views at Westminster

Viewed as a whole, the recent debate on the 1903 Act showed that the violent prejudice which existed in the House of Commons two years ago has somewhat abated. Mr. Gerald Balfour suggested a Departmental Committee or a Royal Commission to report on the whole subject, and Members generally appeared to regard it as the best solution of a difficult subject. It is all for good when a Member of the Government definitely states that to return to the old fourteen miles an hour speed limit is impossible. To impose such restrictions would, as he said, seriously impede the use of motor-cars, and threaten to strangle an important industry. Is it too much to hope that all motorists may reciprocate this more reasonable attitude on the part of the Mother of Parliaments, and be extra considerate to all other road users, especially during the dry weather, when the dust nuisance is so troublesome?

Something for Nothing

A good guide-book never comes amiss to the motorist. A "Handbook for Automobilists" is now being given away. A compact volume, handy in size, it yet contains some 1,200 pages, full of information for the motorist touring through Great Britain and Ireland. The Motor Car Acts and regulations, the taxes on motor-cars, the Automobile Clubs, both in this country and on the Continent, are some of the subjects dealt with; while a gazetteer, giving an alphabetical list of towns, with particulars of oil and petrol depôts, repairers, garages, electric-charging stations, doctors, and hotels, is also added. Railway freights, Customs tariffs, and European frontier regulations, are described in detail. A list of convenient tours, with a map of Great Britain, completes the handbook. This guide can be had free of cost (sixpence only being charged for postage), on application to the Continental Tyre Company, 104, Clerkenwell Road, London.

Motoring Ministers' Mishaps

Trapped by the police, both Sir R. Finlay, the Attorney-General, and Sir William Anson, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, have had to pay fines. All motorists should remember that at present the police are everywhere. Drive with the utmost caution if you wish to avoid being

"TOGOED"

From Gunnersbury Station, towards Kew.
Through Kingston.
On the Portsmouth road, through Thames Ditton.
Through Esher.
Between Cobham and the Hut Hotel.
Through Nepicar and Larkfield, on the Folkestone road.

A narrow escape near Spa, Belgium

While touring by car to the Liége Exhibition, the occupants of the car seen in our illustration had a wonderful escape. Meeting with a side-slip at the corner, they ran through the fence, and had the car not been stopped by the near-side wheel running into the soft soil, the car and occupants would have had a drop of twenty feet, with results too terrible to imagine

Between the Royal Oak and Pedlinge, three miles from Hythe.
Near Southwick (this trap is working again).
In Chester (trap on the main city road).
Passing Ashington Common, near East Grinstead.
Between Brighton and Arundel.
Along the main road between Epping and Bishop Stortford.
Between Harlow and Thirley (a four-mile trap, all licenses asked for).
Through Wilmslow, near Manchester.
Through the High Street at Bedford.
On the Eastbourne road, three miles out from Godstone, on the Maidstone side of Wrotham.
On the main Sevenoaks road, between the Polhill Hotel and Dunton Green.
On the Lewes road, above Forest Row.
Out of Godalming, going southwards.
Near Ampthill, on the road to Romsey.
On the High Wycombe to Oxford road, near thirty-fifth milestone.

Alfred C. Hunter

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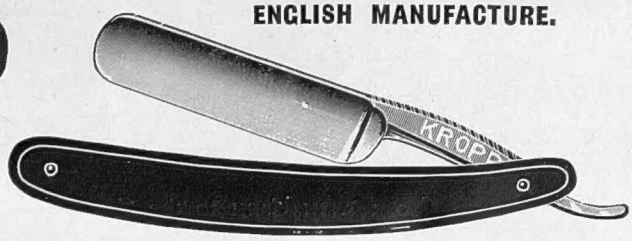

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QUARTERLY BRIDGE COMPETITION, WITH WEEKLY COMPETITION RUNNING CONCURRENTLY.

Prizes

Weekly Competition—First Prize Each Week: Two Guineas

SECOND and THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" BRIDGE CASE, value £1 1s.

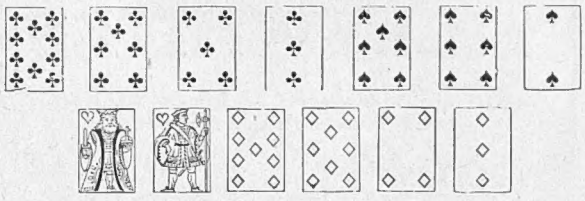
QUARTERLY COMPETITION—£10 10s. IN CASH to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of marks in the Thirteen Weekly Competitions.

Twelfth Weekly Competition

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER, AND WHY?

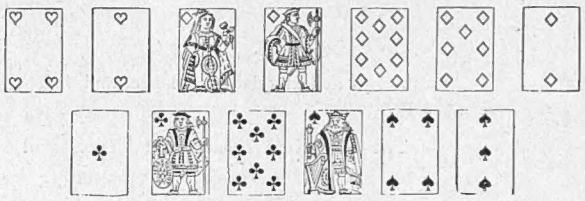
PROBLEM XXXIV.

First Game. Dealer, Love; Adversaries, 16.



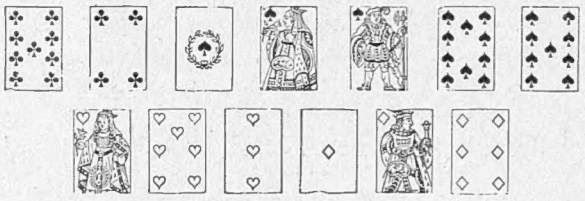
PROBLEM XXXV.

First Game: Love-all.



PROBLEM XXXVI.

Game All: Love-all.



Unless otherwise specified, it is the first game of the rubber.

What You Have to Do

1. Herewith, three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem XXXIV., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three problems—with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

3. Give your solutions of the twelfth week's problems set here, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, June 19, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

NOTE.—*Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes, should they gain them.*

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

TENTH WEEK—PROBLEMS XXVIII.-XXX.

This week eleven competitors obtained full marks, and from these we have selected the three sets of solutions best entitled to the prizes.

The FIRST PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

Lieut.-Colonel Lowsley, Linnholm, The Thicket, Southsea.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, are awarded to:

E. Nelson, Esq., Sleaford.

F. R. B. Atkinson, Esq., Ivanhoe Place, Ashby de la Zouche.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by Competitors for solving Problems XXVIII.-XXX. in our Quarterly Competition:—

15, Ap Twm, Blue, Fantôme, Horatio, Kapikowrie, Lance Fieldoak, Miles, Pelaw, Pons, Sackbut, Spolnud; 14, Bridge of Sighs, Bulbs, Dogger, Ernst, Joker, Kirkland I., Kirkland II., Mendip Lodge, Oltonia, Overbury, P.M.S., Pygmy, Quib, Raw, Viking; 13, Ewell, Fen, Hockey, Jan, Puck, Wantage, Watadam, White Cat II.; 12, Awapuni, Chippie, Gamndin, Lucia, Pellon, Peter, Raniput, Strategy, Willimoteswick; 11, Ambeg, Darkie, Mucross, Norland, Tic-Tac; 10, Badger, Captain Cuttle, Chlorodyne, Cumtux; Dowan, Edgbaston, Kidbrook, Luppy, Mugwump, Noxious, Pul, Royal, Simplex, Student, Tylhus, Waverley, Whatley, York; 9, Albert, Alleyn, Cave, Cigarette, Moretons, Not 'Arf, Puffin Boy, Soberton, White Cat I.; 8, Alexander, Bhyll, Bijou, Diana, Essem, Mammon, Purley; 7, Brown Cat, C. A. M., Eblow, Grosvenor, Lockerbie, Mad, Toil; 6, Special Scotch, Arrow; 5, Primrose; 4, Bis dat qui cito dat, Blockhead, Donnybrook, Gate, Ina I., Ina II., Mate, Stamford, Trixie.

Ninth Competition solutions delayed in post:—11, Mammon; 8, Diana; 5, Hockey, Stud List; 4, Albeg.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS XXVIII., XXIX., XXX.

PROBLEM XXVIII.—No-trumps. It is a good heart call; but at the beginning of the rubber, you should go for game if you see the chance of it. You need less help from your partner to get three tricks in no-trumps than you do to get four tricks in hearts.

PROBLEM XXIX.—Diamonds. Supposing that your partner declares anything but diamonds, and he is unlikely to declare that, he will have to do everything out of his own hand, you cannot help him with a trick. It is imperative, therefore, to make a defensive diamond call; for at the score you cannot afford to lose a couple of tricks in hearts or no-trumps. Probably, too, diamonds is the best offensive call it is possible to make on the two hands.

PROBLEM XXX.—No-trumps. It is a strong hand, an ace, two queens, and a knave above an average hand, with three suits protected. Moreover, your opponents have a long lead, and you cannot afford to play a waiting game, and chance your partner giving you a red call. If, indeed, he can give you a red call, you will go out in no-trumps.

We have allotted the following *noms de guerre*:—M. P. F., "Moretons"; N. A., "Gate"; C. F., "Kidbrook"; M. B. P., "Donnybrook"; Mrs. A. A., "Dowan"; H. B. H., "Stanford."

GARDEN SHELTERS
(Patent)

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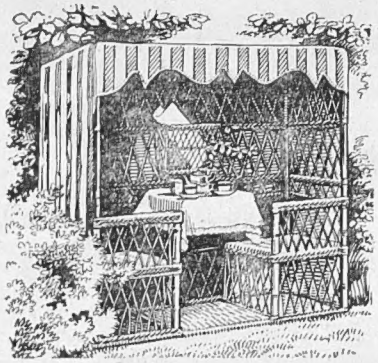

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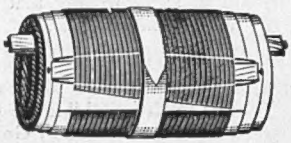

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Takes no more room than a pair of Boots.
Can be fixed in half a minute.
Stretches and presses every part of the garment, effecting the dual operation at the same time.

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"FIELD."

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The Alhambra

Sylvester Schaffer, of all the talents, has concluded his engagement at the Alhambra, and a number of newcomers now fill his place in the bill. Charles Pond's "glimpses of life," as he terms his original monologues, are full of character. Here is a keen student of men and matters. His sketch of a coster, with its truculent refrain, "Oo'll 'ave a blood-orange!" is distinguished by the cleverest touches. Les Fleurs D'Orange are eight dainty maidens of Holland, who present their native country in its most picturesque and melodious aspect. Their part songs, rendered in Dutch, are received with the greatest enthusiasm. The Urbanora, ever up to date, gives the Derby, and scenes from the Siege of Port Arthur. *L'Entente Cordiale* and *My Lady Nicotine* are as popular as ever.

Japan's Fleet at Earl's Court

The appalling annihilation of the Russian Fleet has aroused extraordinary interest in the perfect models of the Japanese warships exhibited at the Naval, Shipping, and Fisheries Exhibition, Earl's Court, by the English firms that built the battleships, cruisers, and torpedo boats responsible for Rohjdestvensky's downfall. Since the eventful news arrived, the Queen's Palace and Ducal Hall have had large numbers of visitors to see these beautiful miniature replicas. Among others displayed, are the battleships *Asahi*, by John Brown and Co., Clydebank; and the *Shikishima*, by the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Co.; torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, by Yarrow and Co.; and the torpedo-boat destroyer *Shirakumo*, by J. J. Thorneycroft and Co.; and the battleships *Hatsuse* and *Tatsuta*, by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co.

Sir Caspar Clarke's Farewell

The Right Hon. Sir John Gorst, M.P., will preside at the public dinner to Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., F.S.A., at the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, on June 28. The occasion of the guest relinquishing his post as Director of the Art Museum, Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, after many years, has been selected by his friends and admirers to show their appreciation of the great service he has rendered to Art in this country. A powerful and influential organising committee includes Sir George Donaldson (chairman), Major-General E. R. Festing, C.B., F.R.S. (vice-chairman), the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Balcarres, M.P., F.S.A., Sir Edward J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A., Sir Charles Dilke, and many others. The menu will bear a drawing of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A. Tickets can now be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Harold T. Hartley, 177, New Park Road, Clapham Park, S.W.

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Gold chalice and salver presented to Westminster Cathedral by the King of Spain

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An Interesting Exhibition

Everyone interested in sea and marine matters should pay a visit to the Exhibition of Marine Photography and Wave Studies, now on view at the Royal Photographic Society's House, 66, Russell Square, W.C. The pictures are by F. J. Mortimer, Esq., F.R.P.S. (joint editor of the *British Journal of Photography*), whose name has been associated for some years with photography of the sea and storms, and they form a unique collection of this difficult phase of the pictorial application of the camera. The Exhibition remains open until June 17. Admission is free, on production of visiting card.

Cerebos Salt

The King's Royal Warrant has been granted to the proprietors of Cerebos salt, who already hold similar appointments from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.M. the King of Portugal. When an article of daily necessity comes in for so much honour from illustrious personages, it is small wonder that it should be in almost universal use.

A Boon to House Furnishers

"The House Comfortable and the House Beautiful," is the engaging title of a catalogue issued by Gorringe and Company, Queen's Walk, Nottingham. In the sixty pages of this most comprehensive catalogue will be found a well-illustrated list of furniture, curtains, portières, carpets, linoleums, blinds, and furnishing fabrics. As a special feature among the decorative fabrics, we might single out the window curtains of every conceivable fabric, from frilled lace to printed plushette and tapestry. Anyone who is engaged upon the pleasant task of furnishing a home in the artistic style which prevails to-day, cannot do better than call upon Messrs. Gorringe, or write for their catalogue.

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